SPORT

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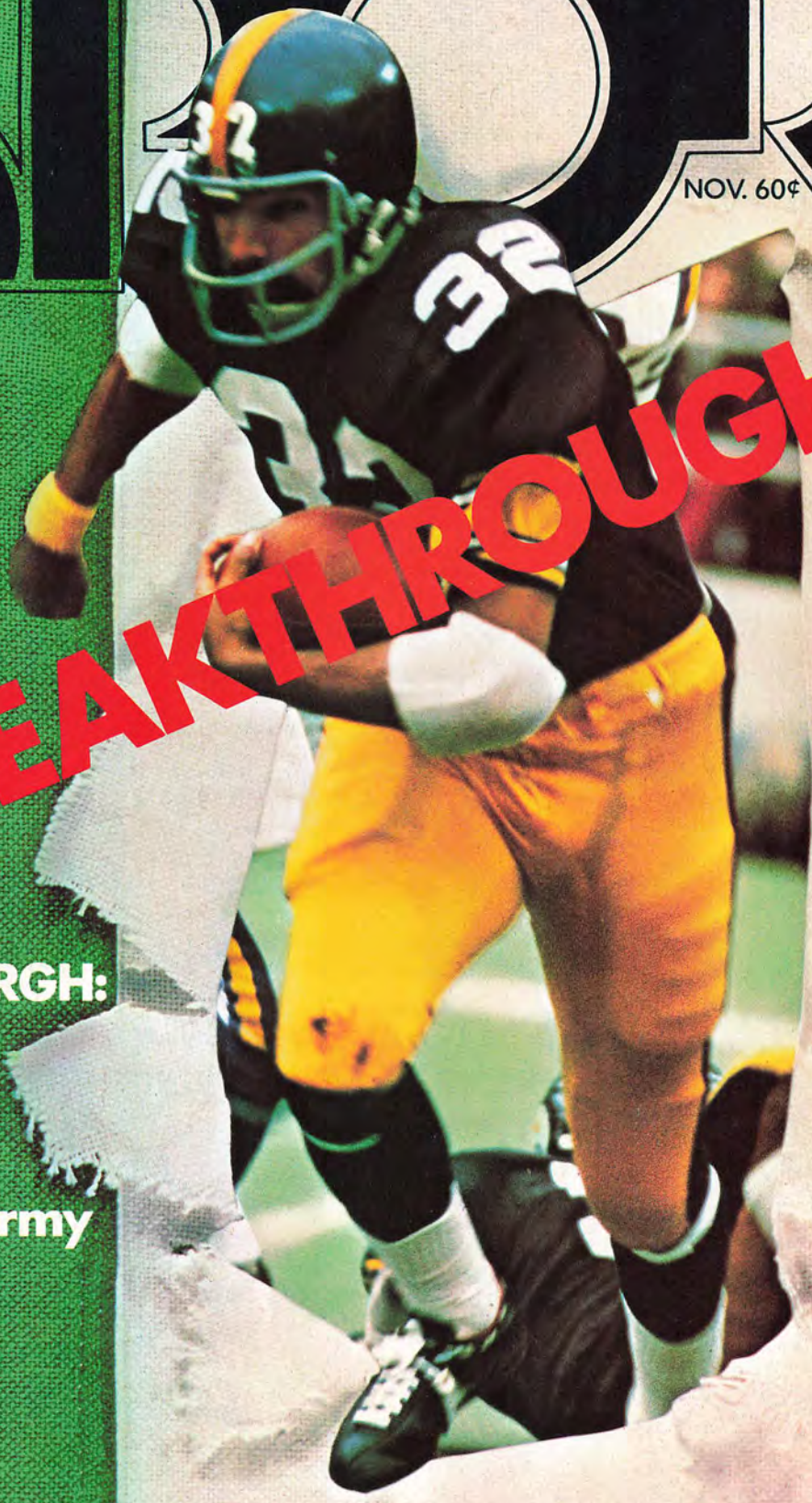

BREAKTHROUGH

IN PITTSBURGH: Franco Harris And His Italian Army

Anthony Davis: The Second Year A.D.

Jimmy Breslin Tells The NY Giants Where To Go

Dave Bing: A Blurred Vision

Plus: Larry L.King's Confessions Of A Washed-up Quarterback

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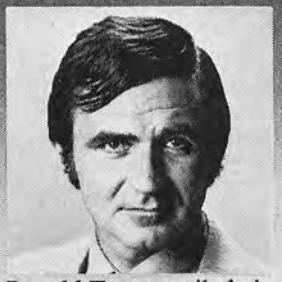
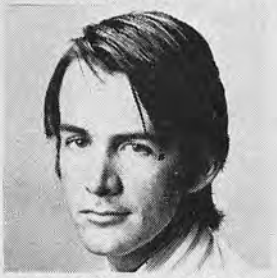


Ronald Tomme, oily hair
WETHEAD

Ronald Tomme, after
THE DRY LOOK®

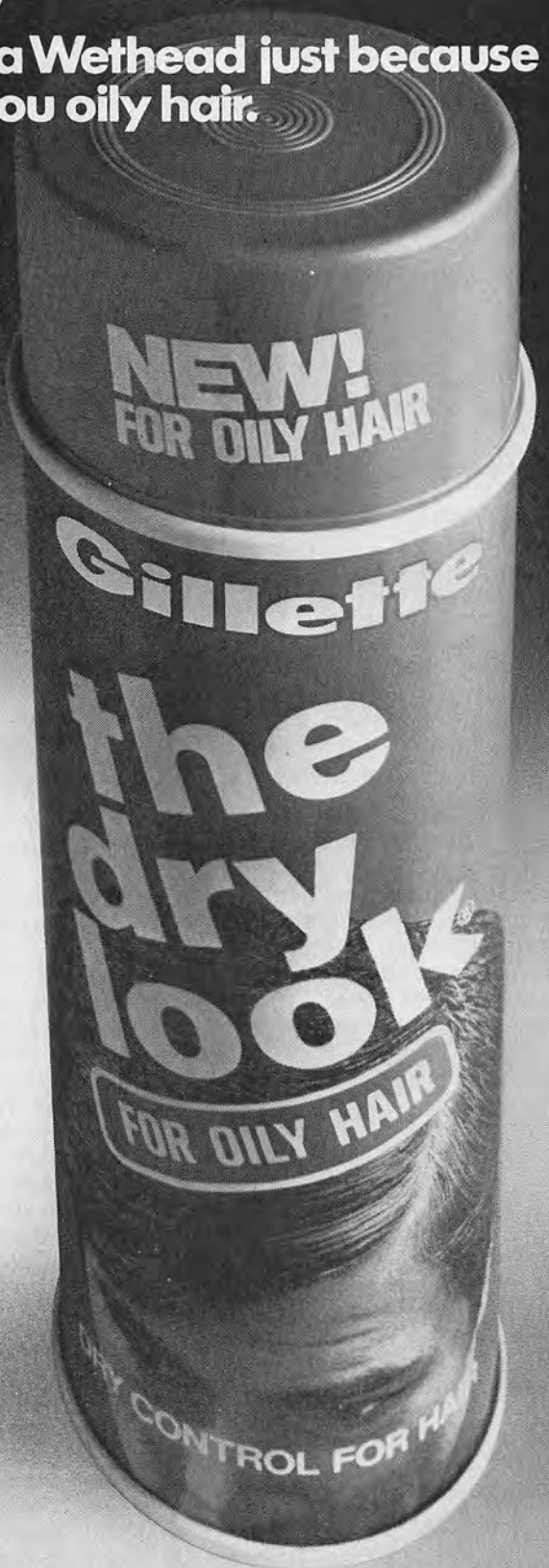


Steve Nisbet, oily hair
WETHEAD

Steve Nisbet, after
THE DRY LOOK®

John Almberg, oily hair
WETHEAD

John Almberg, after
THE DRY LOOK®



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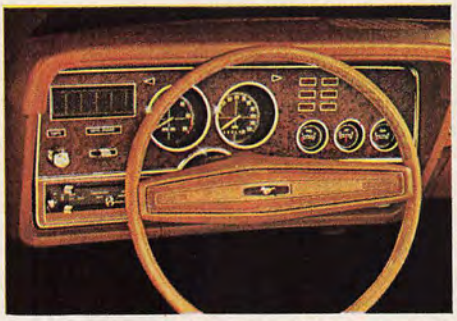

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- ☐ Competition suspension.
- ☐ A handsome digital clock.
- ☐ A breezy little sun roof.

Mustang II. A new class of small car: First Class.

TWO-DOOR HARDTOP

THREE-DOOR 2+2 MODEL

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See your Ford Dealer.

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FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION Ford

SPORT

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EDITOR

AL BRAVERMAN
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NORMAN LEWIS SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

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KEVIN FITZGERALD
PHOTO EDITOR

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ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR

LINDA FORCHT
LARRY GRUBMAN
DAVID PERRY
KATIE WIMPFHEIMER
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

JOHN NORWOOD
PUBLISHER

RICHARD E. VINCENT
ADVERTISING MANAGER

Contributing Editors: Jimmy Breslin, Gary Cartwright, John Devaney, Tom Dowling, Pete Gent, Jeff Greenfield, Arnold Hano, Paul Hemphill, Don Kowet, Allan Roth, Gene Shalit.

Contributing Photographers: Daniel S. Baliotti, John Biever, Vernon J. Biever, Martin Blumenthal, Bruce Curtis, Malcom Emmons, Fred Kaplan, David Maenza, Darryl Norenberg, Bob Peterson, Dick Raphael, Manny Rubio, David Sutton, Ozzie Sweet, Jerry Wachter.

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NOV. THIS MONTH IN SPORT

DAVE ANDERSON

Dave Anderson, the author of our cover story on Franco Harris, is a very fine sportswriter. But, more important, he is an immensely decent human being. I have never heard anyone say an unkind word about Dave Anderson. In a business where sniping is as common as in a Cambodian jungle, this is remarkable.

Anderson now writes a sports column for The New York *Times*. Earlier in his career, he worked for The New York *Sun*, The Brooklyn *Eagle* and The New York *Journal-American*, all of which are now defunct, through no fault of his. Dave had the distinction of being the last man to cover the Brooklyn Dodgers for The Brooklyn *Eagle*. It is unlikely that either institution will be revived.

Dave's latest book is *Always on the Run*, written in collaboration with Jim Kiick and Larry Csonka. Previously, he wrote *Sugar Ray*, with Ray Robinson, and *Countdown to Super Bowl*, a brilliant hour-by-hour study of the days leading up to Joe Namath's Super Bowl.

Many of Dave's best writing efforts have gone into stories about Namath. He was in Lenox Hill Hospital when Joe underwent emergency knee surgery after his 1971 injury. He was in Bachelors III when Joe announced his temporary retirement from pro football in 1969. And he was in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, for "Joe Namath Day" shortly after the Super Bowl victory.

I think it is safe to say that Dave Anderson is Joe Namath's favorite newspaperman. Namath considers Anderson honest, diligent and, most of the time, even accurate. I can't imagine higher praise from a sterner critic of the press.

Jimmy Breslin, back in SPORT with his article on the New York Giants, used to work with Dave Anderson on the *Journal-American*. While Anderson cultivated friends, Breslin cultivated enemies and debts. He says he will match his enemies against Anderson's friends any day. He says he will match his debts against anyone's. Breslin considers all rich people, including the owners of the Giants, his natural enemies.

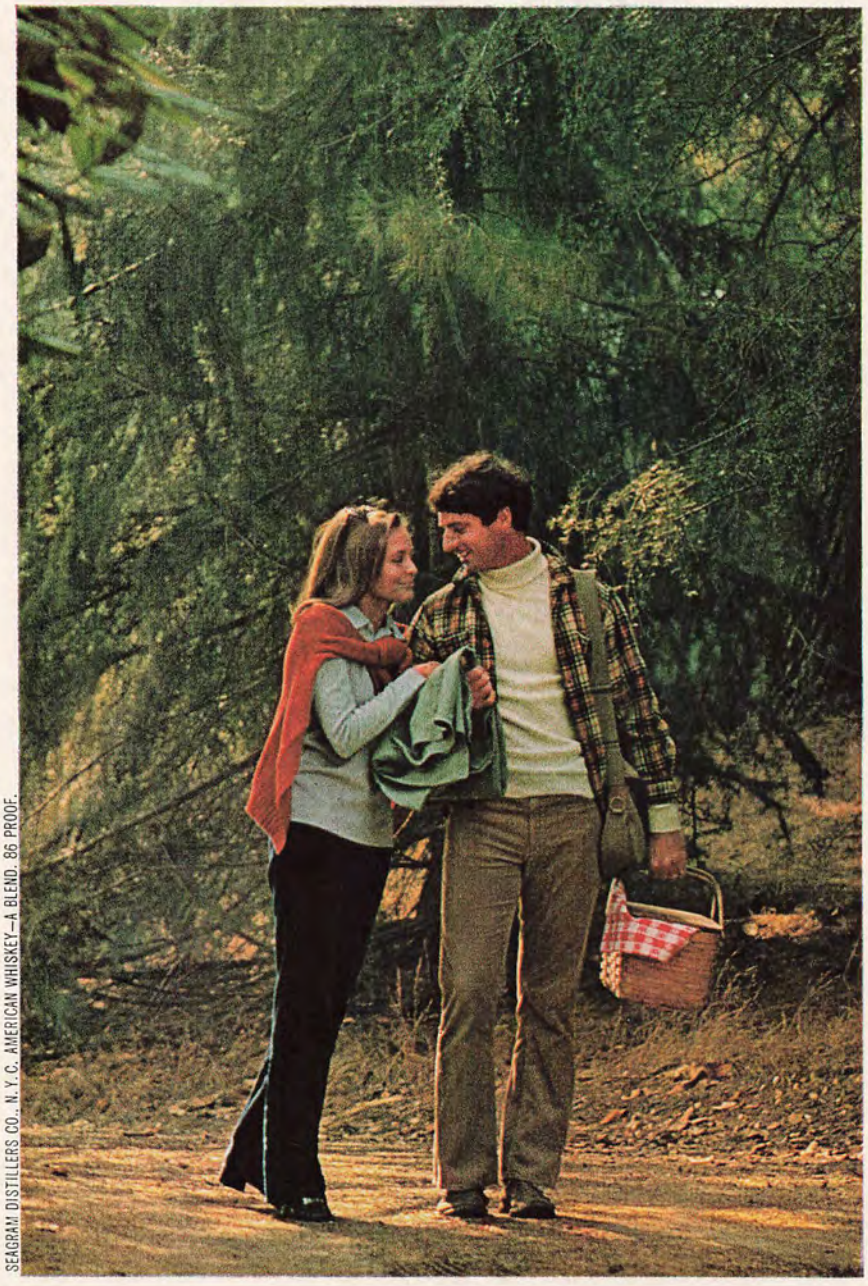
He is about to become his own best enemy. His novel, *World Without End, Amen*, is a big best-seller, with paperback and movie soon to follow.

Larry L. King, who offers blighted memories of his quarterbacking days in this issue, is one of the most talented and versatile journalists in the U.S. He has written memorable articles about William Buckley and Lyndon Johnson, Buck Owens and Louis Armstrong, Bobby Jones University and Texas semi-pro football.

His own football talents carried him to tryouts at Fordham University and at Texas Tech, both of which he flunked. He will be a visiting professor of journalism at Princeton University this year, and his decision to retire from quarterbacking is the best thing to happen to Ivy League football in years.

Dick Schaap

The Seven 'n Cider.



"You tired?"
"Just a little."
"Want to stop?"
"Okay."
"There. That's a nice spot. By the big pile of leaves."

So while she unpacked an autumn kind of picnic, he put together an autumn kind of drink.

In went a jigger of Seagram's 7 Crown, over a healthy handful of ice. Then, fresh apple cider, right up to the top.

Garnished with a thin slice of apple, and that was that.

"Hey, your egg salad is really great."
"Your Seven 'n Cider is terrific too!"
"I'm glad we stopped."
"So am I."

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SPORTING LIFE

Homero Blancas can laugh, relax and have a good time anywhere—even amidst the pressure of a $200,000 pro golf tournament. And he sees to it that everyone around him is having a good time, too.

WITH HOMERO BLANCAS

Homero Blancas and Frank Beard, a pair of pros, were set up next to each other on the practice tee, each working on the shots that had troubled him during his pro-am round. From the looks on their faces, you'd have guessed that Blancas had shot about six strokes better than Beard.

Actually, Beard had shot a 68, Blancas a 69.

But Beard was agonizing over each long iron he slapped. He stopped at the top of his swing and checked his shoulders, his feet, his club position. He stared coldly through his glasses at each ball in the air, obviously without pleasure, obviously frustrated.

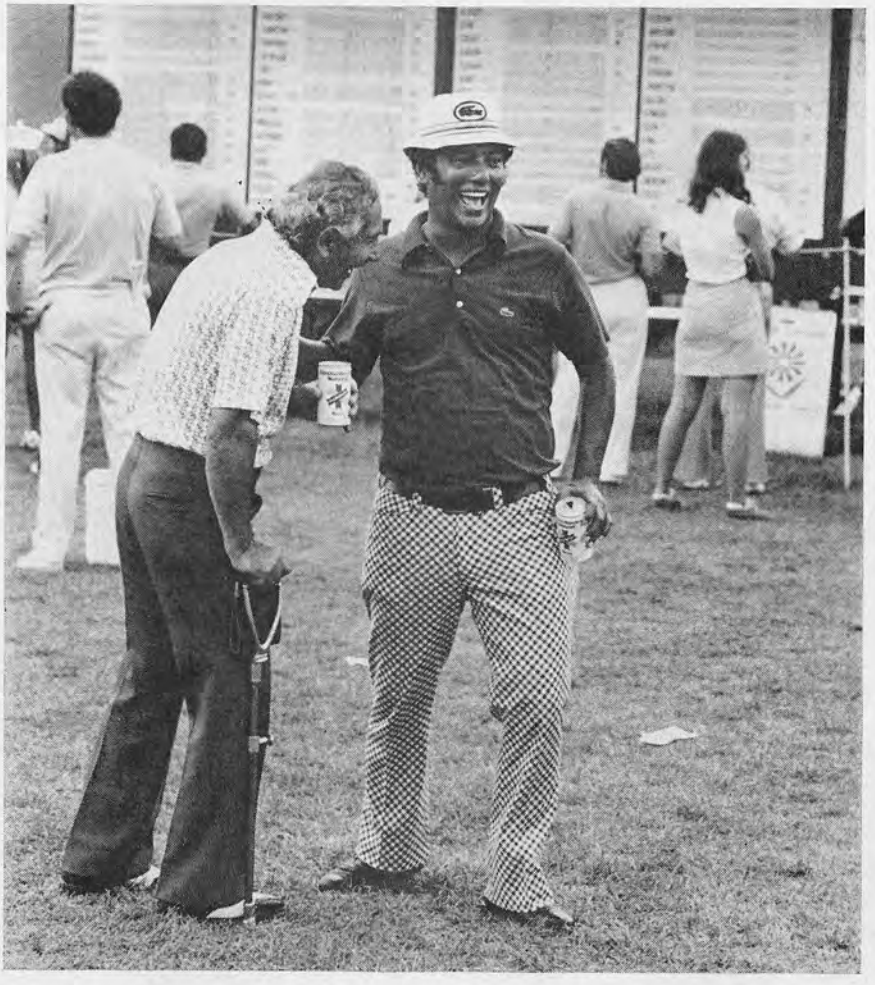
Next to Beard, Blancas smoothly popped one short iron after another, rhythmically, easily, cheerfully. Blancas was as loose as applesauce.

Actually, Blancas' shots were no better than Beard's. Homero was simply enjoying them more.

Beard hit the last ball in his shag bag, then dropped his club on the ground. He glanced at Blancas. "You're fantastic, Homer," said Beard.

"What do you mean?" said Blancas.

"You really know how to enjoy life."



Homero's friends can't wait until he finishes his round of golf—that's when he buys the first round of beers.

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AMC has a plan to provide you with a free loaner car if guaranteed repairs take overnight.

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SPORTING LIFE CONTINUED

A few minutes later, Blancas settled down at a table on the patio overlooking the putting green at the Westchester Country Club in Harrison, New York. The patio was crowded, mostly because everyone was watching Jack Nicklaus and Tom Weiskopf, the Ohio State alumni club, working on the practice green. But sitting with Blancas, you'd think the whole scene revolved around him.

He drank Michelob and chatted good-humoredly with his wife Noel and two friends. As people walked past their table, Homero greeted fellow golfers and asked their scores, invited golfing and non-golfing friends to join him for a drink, smiled at pretty girls and signed autographs for anyone who asked.

Blancas was in the middle of perpetual activity, and a big smile never left his deeply tanned face.

Homero Blancas certainly does know how to enjoy the pro golfer's life.

Most of the golfers on the pro tour insist they lead a lonely existence. A new town each week, 30 or 40 weeks a year. Similar motel rooms in each town. And all the time playing a one-man game with no coach and no teammates, no one to beat, really, except yourself. Some golfers say that how well you're playing determines how well you cope with the gypsy life. But, often, the exact reverse is more the truth.

No one has a better disposition than Homero Blancas for dealing with the tour life. He turns his golf travels into a 30-week grand tour, living in first-class hotels, eating at the best restaurants, entertaining friends and strangers, spending an excessive amount of money. It is all quite a contrast to his younger days in Houston where his Mexican father was a greenskeeper at the River Oaks course. Homero claims he never missed anything in his childhood. But Noel explains that was because he never knew what there was to miss.

For 20 of his 30 tour weeks each year, Homero's two boys, Tommy, five, and Jerry, three, share the grand tour. "The wrecking crew," Homero calls them. "S and D . . . seek and destroy."

Most of the children's days are spent playing around motel swimming pools with the children of the other golfers the Blancases stay near in each new city—the Jim Colberts, the Dave Eichelbergers, the Dave Hills and the Beards. Recently, Noel started taking Tommy to the course with her.

"We can bring him to the tournaments, but not to the pro-am," Homero says. "Whenever he sees an amateur hit a lousy shot, he sits there and laughs out loud. Some have looked at him like they were going to kill him."

Having his family with him is Homero's greatest pleasure. "Wherever they are is my home," he says. "If they're not happy, then I can't be either. And you have to feel good to play good."

Feeling good costs money. Homero has won $100,000 on the tour in two of the last three years and will come close to that figure again in 1973. That income sounds much better than it actually is; between his living expenses and his golfing expenses, Homero has to make $60,000 a year just to break even. Plus he has the expense of a home he has just bought on Jack Burke's and Jimmy Demaret's Champions Golf Course in Houston. Now 35, Homero

Blancas depends on his better halves: Off the course it's his wife, Noel; on the course, it's his caddie, Smitty.

plans to leave the tour and move there permanently in five years.

His manager, Bill Boone of Louisville, has helped pad the ride for him with endorsements. His clothes and some of his wife's wardrobe are supplied by Izod. His golf equipment is being made for him by Northwestern Golf. And he has just signed a contract to represent Stone Creek Cove Country Club of Anderson, South Carolina, on the tour. He picks up an additional $25,000 playing in four or five foreign tournaments and in a half dozen off-day pro-ams a year.

Cold weather has never had good effects on his golf game, so Homero skips the early California events and joins the tour each February in Arizona. He then packs the family into his car in Houston and drives to Florida and follows the tour north. On any long trip, the Blancases will fly and Homero's caddie, Emil Smith, will drive the family car.

Smitty joined Homero this year after caddying for lefty Bob Charles for several years. Their relationship is unique. Golf is the most introspective of sports. Most pros want no distracting talk out there. But with Homero, a non-stop conversation with Smitty goes on even during a tournament round. "Smitty has won a lot of money for me by talking to me out there," he says.

"The kids like him better than us," Noel says.

Smitty works on a retainer plus a percentage of Homero's earnings; he averages about $200 a week, out of which he pays his own living and travel expenses.

The life that Blancas has been leading for his six married years on the tour is now undergoing a change. This fall, his older son, Tommy, entered kindergarten, which means that from now on, the Blancas family will be able to travel en masse only about ten weeks a year, during the summer.

Blancas is saddened by the fact that his wife and children will miss much of the spring and fall tour, but the odds are strong he will be able to adjust without losing his good humor. He has always been able to adjust.

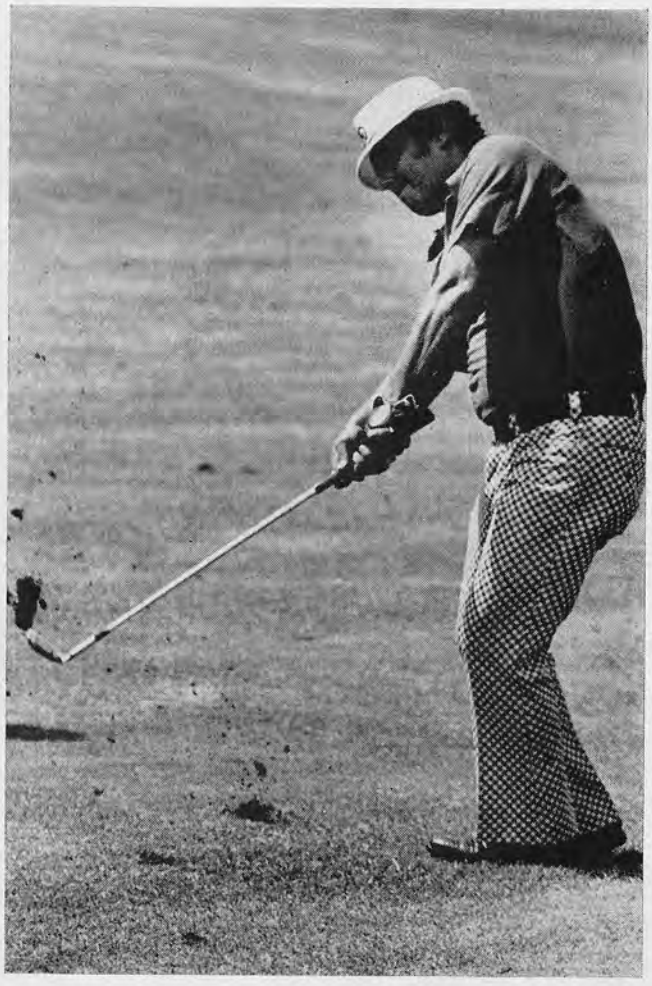
Up until a few years ago, up until Lee Trevino joined the pro tour, Blancas had a quick answer when anybody asked him how he finished in a tournament. "I was low Mex," he always said.

Once Trevino began burning up the courses, Blancas had to adjust. He had to develop a new answer, and he did immediately.

"I was second-low Mex," he said.

—MARTY BELL

While their old man struggles to make birdies, Tom (right) and Jerry stay home and struggle to catch fish.



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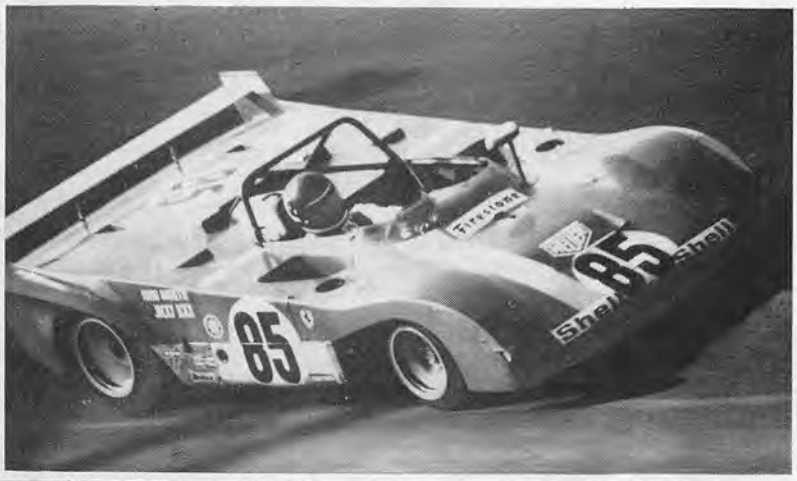
FIVE RACE DRIVERS RAP



BY KIM CHAPIN

A year ago, a group of drivers were interviewed for a film called The Speed Merchants, *a documentary about sports car endurance racing (Toad Hall Racing Films, Ltd.). The film focuses upon the World Championship of Makes, the international series of endurance races that, at the time of the interviews, was primarily a renewal of a long-standing rivalry between the two most famous Italian racing teams: Ferrari and Alfa Romeo.*

The film has not yet been released, but the interviews have been rearranged into a revealing conversation among five international drivers:

MARIO ANDRETTI, American, Ferrari. Open and gregarious, probably the best American driver currently active, certainly the most versatile. A former Indianapolis 500 champion and one of the few Americans ever to win a Formula One Grand Prix event.

JACKY ICKX, Belgian, Ferrari. Both fun-loving and jealous of his privacy, Ferrari's top driver on the Formula One circuit and the most successful sports car driver in the world.

BRIAN REDMAN, English, Ferrari. A solid and friendly sort, remarkably consistent, remarkably normal. *Built his reputation almost exclusively in sports cars, most notably in the monster five-liter Porsches that dominated endurance racing in 1970 and 1971.*

VIC ELFORD, British, Alfa Romeo. Cool and iconoclastic, the closest of the five psychologically to being the perfect race driver. Began his career as a European rallyist, thus in the wet, perhaps the best driver of them all.

HELMUT MARKO, Austrian, Alfa Romeo. Taut and introverted, a former lawyer and circuit judge, bearing the burden (though he denies it) of being the heir-apparent to his countryman and friend, Jochen Rindt, the former world champion who was killed in 1970.

Redman: The popular impression in Europe was always that drivers were wealthy playboys, and that racing was all parties and booze and women. This was probably true up to 15 years ago when the pattern of racing changed completely from being a wealthy man's plaything and became a serious, professional business. A totally different atmosphere. This is not to say we don't enjoy ourselves now, but we're so busy going from race to race to race that there's little time for party-going.

Marko: In the States, I think, racing is just an adventure for the weekend, some sort of carnival. People go there, they make camping, they have some barbecues; they're drunk, quite often. But in Europe people go just to see the race, and they are a little bit more interested, or educated.

Redman: In America, the people I've met seem to think that all racing drivers are roughnecks, rather dubious characters, you know. In Europe it's considered quite a respectable profession. But only in Europe. When I went to live in South Africa for a short time, the next door neighbors told me later they were horrified when they knew a racing driver was coming to live next door because they thought there would be hotted-up cars rushing up and down the road all day, and grease-covered mechanics crawling out from under every bush.

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Choice of Plans. Continental gives you a choice: A policy that covers your car alone. Or a unique new policy that covers both your car and home. It's called Personal Comprehensive Protection: PCP*. By combining both your

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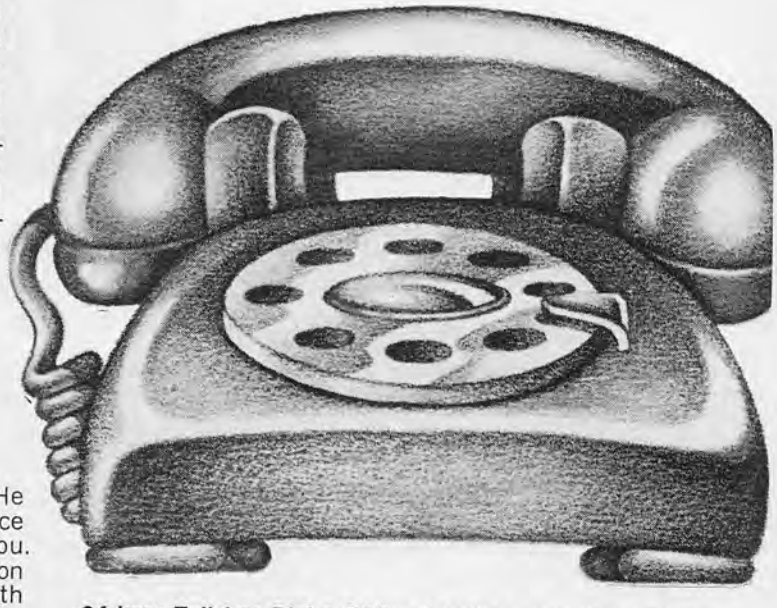

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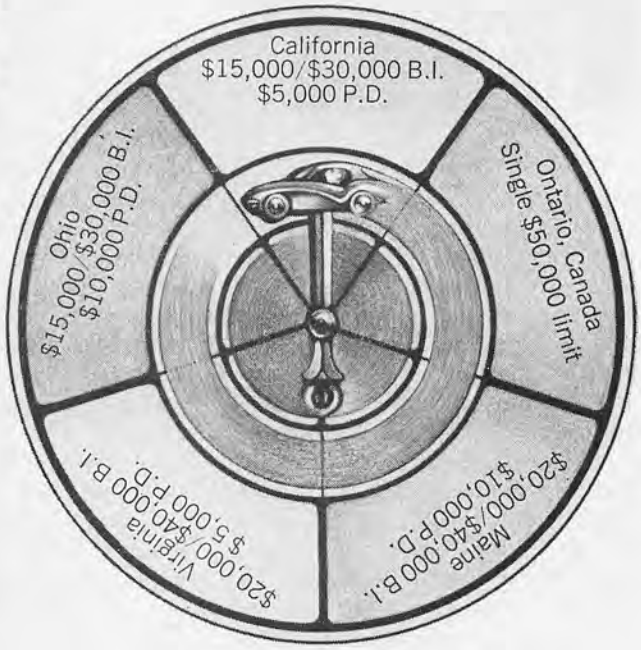

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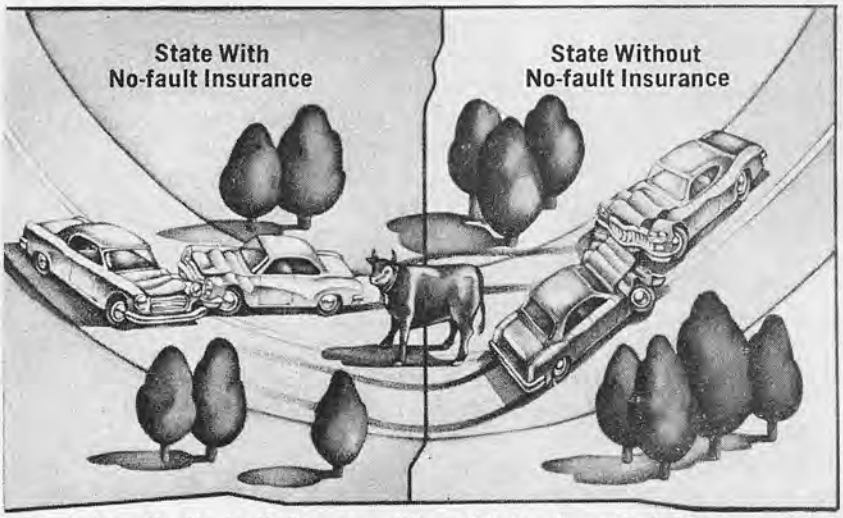

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RAP

CONTINUED

my eyes anymore. If I see that something cannot be reached, I don't jump off the bridge just to try to prove something. I used to be just that way, you know. But this is true of any champion I've seen in the past. That's how a guy becomes a standout. He'll make mistakes, but, boy, I'll tell you, the people that know recognize the qualities and they figure as soon as that guy simmers down, he'll be somebody. If a guy is too subtle, too mature right off the bat, if he doesn't tear up any equipment—that's a guy that just won't multiply. He'll just stay right there. He'll be everything but he won't be a champion.

Marko: In the beginning I was driving more wild than I'm doing now. I wasn't so careful. I didn't think so much about circuits, about engines and about the car. Now I'm going faster with less risk. I'm getting quicker and quicker—and safer, I would say.

Andretti: Because of my eagerness, I used to make a lot of mistakes in choosing equipment just because I wanted to race. And I used to question whether I was really getting everything out of the car. I just figured that maybe somewhere I was just not doing it. So, boom, every time I got into trouble I was thinking like that. Now, I go just as fast as I feel I can, and beyond that, well, I'm just not going to find out. Makes a lot of difference. Saves a lot of bones.

Redman: At all times it's a desirable thing to drive with your head. But I know some drivers whom I call "red mist" drivers, because as soon as they get in the car I'm sure a red mist comes in front of their eyes and they just go berserk. It probably happens to all of us to some degree. You should be thinking about what you're doing, but as you go faster and faster and you get closer to your own personal limits and the limits of the car, you're not thinking, you're purely acting on instinct. And experience, of course. You don't think, "Oh, I should be braking here." You brake when it looks to be about the sort of place where you should be braking. And I can sometimes feel this change in a race if I've got to fight particularly hard either to hold the lead or to try and get the lead. I think your brain must be sort of like a computer that stores up certain data on what to do in certain situations, especially emergency ones. A couple of times I've had incidents where my arms and legs have acted before I've even considered any line of action. A particular one at Spa-Francorchamps in Belgium: One minute I was coming up a hill and was in a flat-out right-hand corner at 180 mph. The next minute I was facing the barrier on the right-hand side and my arms were sort of ground under my knees somewhere on opposite lock and my feet were jumping up and down on the brake

Brian Redman

and throttle—and this car was sliding sideways. A left rear tire had come off the rim completely and the car was virtually out of control. But my reactions to this were totally automatic. There was no question of having to think. If I had to think what to do, it would have been too late.

Elford: When I drive, my prime sense is the sense of touch. Sound really doesn't come into it except that my ears are accustomed to the correct sounds and if an incorrect one creeps in, despite the helmet and earplugs and so on, I recognize it. In terms of sight, I tend to concentrate only on what I'm doing—on the instruments that I need to look at now and then, the road in front of me, and the mirror if I'm having any sort of race with someone else.

Vic Elford

Redman: It's funny, really. When I'm racing, even at very high speeds, I don't often feel that I'm going terribly fast. Quite often I can recognize journalists standing in a corner or somewhere up on the barrier when I'm going maybe 130, 140 mph. I'm not necessarily just thinking about the racing. I don't just concentrate on the narrow strip of road in front of me; I take a general wide view of everything that I can see as far ahead as I can see, which is very important.

Andretti: I don't know if I could put into words how I sense the limits of the car. It's just a feel that you develop. It's by the seat of your pants and it's through experience—experience and mistakes.

Ickx: I think that there are some people who are born with a certain quality, because I can't explain to you why I feel I am at the limit or not. I feel it, and I am just born with that. I can't explain to you why. You can find maybe 300,000 people in all the world able to run very well at 100 kilometers per

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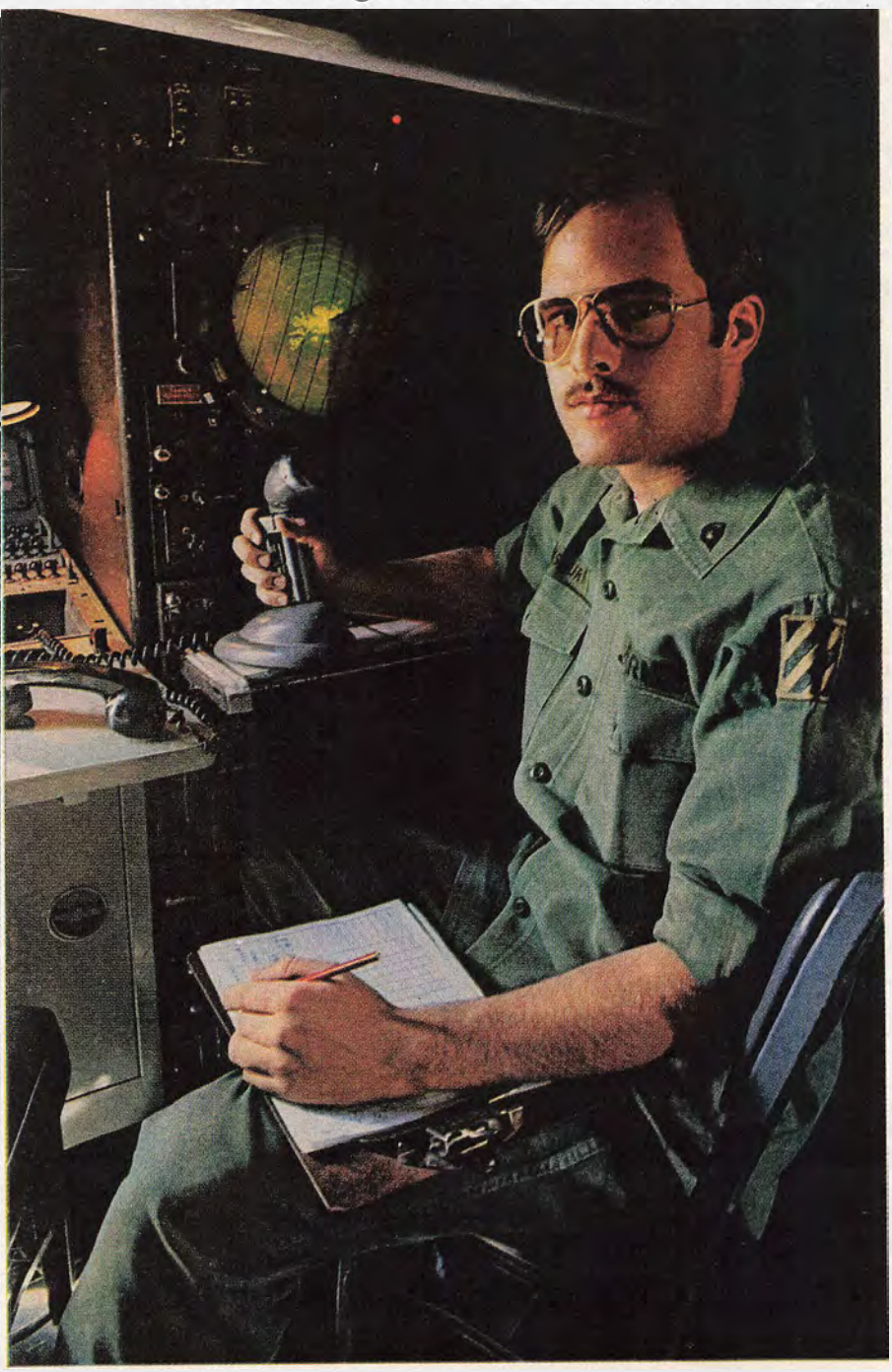

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RAP

CONTINUED

Marko: The public sometimes thinks that a driver is very brave, a little bit like a hero of some sort. Well, we must have more reactions, more bravery and more instinct for fighting than a normal man. But a racing driver has to control himself in nearly every situation.

Redman: I feel that quite a large number of people go to motor races to see incidents. Not to see people hurt, but to see accidents and

Mario Andretti

spins and contact between cars. This doesn't dismay me in any way. I think this is quite natural. To some degree it's an outlet for violent urges in people. I know if I'm watching a race myself, it's very exciting when a car spins off at speed.

Marko: For most of them it's the speed, the noise. Nearly everybody drives his own car, so maybe he thinks he could do the same thing if he would have the opportunity.

Elford: Motor racing is very much the entertainment business. It's no good pretending that we're just racing drivers and we just sort of arrive at the track with our crash helmets, drive a car and then go home or to the pub afterwards. There's a lot more involved now, partly the politics, partly the increased commercialism. Drivers have got a lot of responsibility to other people in terms of the money that's being put in. Some of it can get a little bit tedious, but on the whole I think most drivers enjoy it.

Andretti: The business part is secondary. Some day I'm going to have to quit and I'd like to have a business that would take care of me for the rest of my life, because I'd hate to go to a nine-to-five, which is something I've never done.

Marko: Yes, I could never go back to the law. It's too boring. With racing, it's the challenge to the man that interests me most. I want to get to my personal limit, to see how good I am, how far I can go. I also want to earn some money, of course.

Ickx: I have a quite different mentality from other drivers. I do racing because I love racing; I like to win races, I like to move all around the world. The whole thing is very pleasant. But I'm not as interested as other people to develop my public appearance. I really don't care about newspapers, about interviews, about filming. If some people have been in my house, it is only because they are good friends, people that I have a good feeling for. I am not interested to be really well-known. I am interested in doing my job correctly for my whole pleasure. I don't do it for the people. The time I give to racing is between Thursday and Monday, and there I play for the public. But when the race is ended, I don't continue to play. I have my businesses, my house and my marriage. I am no longer a public person.

Marko: My wife and I don't speak about racing at all at home. It is my job. I do it and she accepts it, you know. It is like I don't ask her how she is cooking or how she is making the soup. That is her problem. She knows also that I am careful, that I love life and so I don't do any stupid things.

Redman: I always feel about the same before every race. I feel very nervous, and perhaps slightly apprehensive. I personally let this tension build up before the race, so that by the time it starts I'm in a quite high state of nervous pitch. I get this tightening in my stomach, and I don't really want to talk to anybody, or I'll talk to a lot of people—it takes different ways sometimes. I can't sit still.

Andretti: I'm not a guy that worries the night before. I got enough to worry about when the time comes, you know what I mean? I like to have just a moment of concentration before a race. Why do you think a guy is somewhat uptight and nervous before every race? Because he doesn't know the outcome of it. In other words, breakfast kind of goes down a little slower than normal, because you just don't know how that day's going to wind up. And each day like that makes a lot of difference to me. It's an important day.

Jacky Ickx

Elford: Emotion doesn't come into racing at all, I would say. It's strictly a mechanical business. After a race—especially if I've won—it always feels to me like an anti-climax, because I've been building up to that moment for such a long time and suddenly it's all over. It doesn't really seem very exciting or dramatic. I suppose the climax of a race is the start, actually. That's the point at which I'm at my highest.

Andretti: I think I make a lot less mistakes now than I used to. I have just as much drive to win as I ever had, but I don't have stars in

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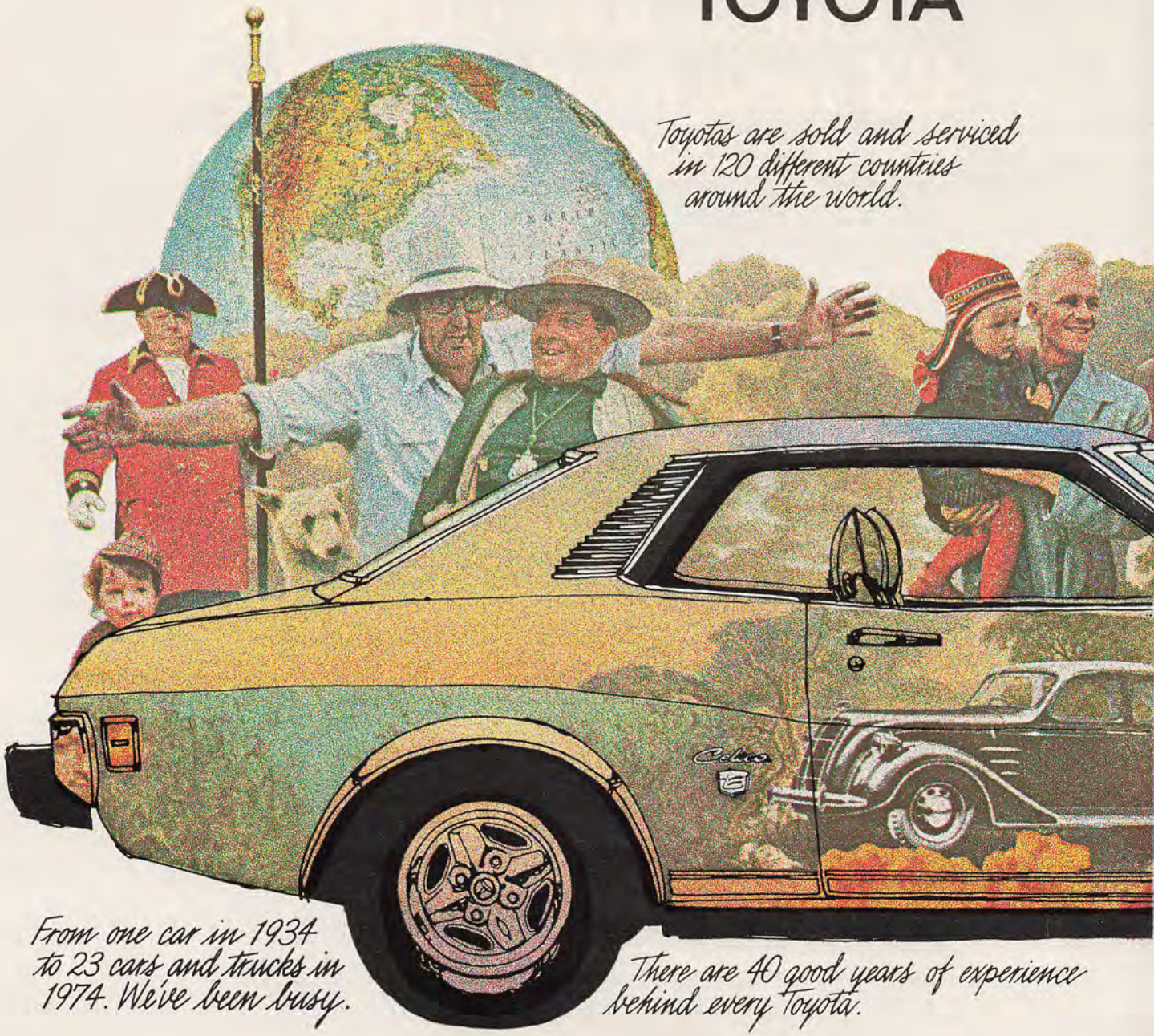
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RAP

CONTINUED ·

hour. Then you have maybe 100,000 people at 200 kilometers per hour. The quicker you go after that, the number of people able to drive at that speed just comes down to nothing.

Elford: There's a tremendous feeling of fragility about driving a racing car to its limit. You know if you make a mistake the results might be disastrous. It's a bit like trying to walk on eggs almost, or like walking on a tightrope. However far you might lean over, you've got to maintain your balance; you've got to know at which point you fall off. And so people in the early days of their racing tend to have quite a lot of accidents—not serious ones, often, but spinning or running off the road because they're going a shade too quickly. Once you've got through that period and learned about the point to which you can drive the car and no further, then you become a good driver. There is also the ability to make decisions quickly, without any fluster involved. There's a group in America which is doing psychological tests on racing drivers, and they've discovered that the higher grade of racing driver has the ability to do something which nobody else in the world apparently can do, and that is get better under stress. As stress is increased, the racing driver's performance gets better, whereas other people just go to pot. I know I work better if I'm being pushed and rushed. I think I do enjoy being under stress.

Marko: Normally you should just concentrate, but the longer the race goes the more time you have, especially if you have long straights like at the Nurburgring or LeMans. Then I start thinking—if I'm leading, for example, how it would be if I win this race. Or I'm watching the gauges and sometimes I just feel that something is on the way to getting wrong. But it's a little bit hysteria, you know. So whenever I start doing things like that, I try to concentrate again on just driving so that I forget all the other things. For as soon as you're thinking about different things you sooner or later make a mistake. Either you miss a gear, you brake too late, or so on. I'm a rather careful driver, I would say. I know my limits and I know the limits of the car.

Helmut Marko

Redman: Bridging the gap between what you know your car can do and your own level of performance is sometimes very difficult. Mainly, you just keep pressing. A lot of very good drivers, for example, who perform brilliantly on the majority of circuits, go to Spa and do quite poorly. And it's for this reason: They can't push themselves that little bit further. You can actually lose three seconds by a momentary lift of your throttle foot as you go into a particular corner there which you know should be taken flat out. And the reason you don't take it flat out, of course, is because you're frightened of flying off the road. The circuit's about eight miles around, and for probably five of those miles you're in top gear, traveling for very long periods at speeds you normally reach on most circuits only once a lap. You're actually going around corners well in excess of 160 mph. My very first day of practice at Spa I nearly retired from racing.

Andretti: The danger factor presents a challenge to me, no question about it. I'm defying something. Most people shiver when they even think about what I'm doing. I feel I have something others don't have—I don't know, maybe I'm more stupid, but that's how I feel. But I don't think the danger element is the only thing that keeps me going. I think it's the spirit of competition. You're trying to outdo another man. Take a guy who plays chess—the only thing that can kill him is if a brick falls on him, but still, he has that drive to win.

Ickx: We are all afraid, but the word "afraid" is not correct. It is not to be afraid of a crash; it is more to be afraid to miss a race or do badly. To keep my job is no question because I will find another one as soon. What I mean is that when I do something I want to do it well. When I make a mistake and the mistake is the loss of the race—that is of what I am afraid.

Marko: I have only had one bad accident, and that was at high speed on the banking at Daytona when the tire came off the rim. It just took awhile before the car stopped—like a film that is going down—and I was completely unhurt. In the minutes or days after such an accident, I am thinking a lot, but then there comes another race and I forget it again. I have to. Otherwise I couldn't race. The materials bother me the most—the suspension, tires, gearboxes and so forth. I am going for the speed, and so if it is 200 mph and something breaks, it's not nice, you know. These are things that I really think about and which worry me, and when I am in the car and passing on such quick straights I am thinking quite a lot about them.

Redman: I think the danger involved is a large part of the pleasure of driving a racing car. I'm sure that this is the pleasure that mountaineers get and that probably bull fighters get. Where the pleasure comes is not at the time of the race—I'm concentrating too hard to really en-

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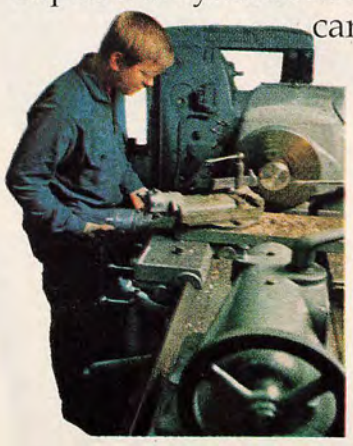

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Be someone special in the New Naval Reserve.

RAP

CONTINUED

joy anything—but afterwards. I get a tremendous feeling of well-being and relaxation. Everything looks better. The sky's bluer, the grass is greener. Because I've been on the edge. I won't say of death, but of considerable potential danger, and I've done something that's the absolute limit of my own ability, physically and mentally. I don't have to win to be very satisfied with the race. Winning is the icing on the cake and it adds considerable pleasure because it is the name of the game. But I can still get a great deal of satisfaction from being second or third or even lower, if I've done my very best.

Ickx: I think you have a certain share of luck. I mean, for example, in a race it has happened sometimes that I nearly crashed, and for a reason that was outside of my decision, I avoid a crash. That is what I call luck. The certain moment I feel my potential of luck is at the end, that something will happen, then I will have to quit. It is your own feeling. There is one moment of you, something in you that says, "No, you have done too much." I will quit the day when I am really afraid of a crash, the day when I will not have the fun that I have now, the day it will start to be boring for me, or I consider that I will be less good. Racing is one part of my life that I will quit sooner or later. I think more soon than late.

Marko: If you have a good season and everything goes fine, you don't think so much about it. If there are accidents, if you have sometimes problems with the car, or you just escaped a crash, then you start to think. The more racing you do, the more dangerous it is. Also, for me, racing is a lot of work. I am coming home after each race, or after a couple of races when I'm going from one circuit to another, and I'm nearly completely exhausted. I can't do the things that I like for myself. Generally, I don't want to race more than three or four seasons. I think that I am building up enough things so that when I retire I will have still an interesting life.

Elford: Drivers have a high level of reality, but from all the drivers I know I would say that the one time it fails is in thinking about what we're going to do afterwards. I should think many of us plan not unreasonably to have at least enough money when we stop so that we won't actually have to work again if we don't want to, although I imagine we're all going to because we'd die of boredom if we didn't have anything to do. I shall miss it because I absolutely love traveling. The money is another thing. It's going to be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to start work in a totally different field and earn the sort of money I earn driving racing cars. As to when I'm going to stop, the answer is simple: When I don't like racing anymore or when I'm not competitive anymore, which in fact will probably be simultaneous. Then too, the self-preservation instinct might become so great that I won't be able to push myself to the sort of limits I'm accustomed to.

Andretti: You know, a driver can be put out of commission so easily. It bothers me—yeah, it does. You got a law of averages to contend with, but you got to accept it. There's no other way. I mean, you go down the highway every morning to work, a very dangerous highway, and you see a lot of accidents. Well, you know damned well you're not going to walk to work. You just keep talking to yourself, and eventually it just doesn't bother you anymore. And it's the same way with us. It relates to something slightly different, but the essence of it is all there. Now and then it just really hits me below the belt, you know, and knocks me for a loop. But then I figure that's the price I sometimes have to pay. If I want to keep doing it, I'm gonna be exposed to these dangers. That's what makes the sport so unique, actually. It can be a great sacrifice. It's no bed of roses by any means. I'm 32 years old and, thank God, in good health, and I still love what I'm doing. I have no idea when I would consider retirement. Two years, five, ten, what? I don't know. All I can say is, when I reach a point when I know that I'm starting the downgrade, I hope I'm man enough to admit it to myself. I've seen very few drivers really do that, but one guy that really impressed me was Rodger Ward. There's a guy that just knew when to quit, and I'm sure he has good, beautiful memories of his career. I consider myself very lucky. You don't hear any Monday morning blues from me. I love to go to work, and how many people can say that? That's the reward right there. Sometimes it doesn't come cheap, but sometimes you get away with it.

EPILOGUE:

In point of fact, Ferrari dominated the 1972 World Championship of Makes rather easily. It won all ten of the races it chose to enter. (The one it did not choose to enter was the 24 Hours of LeMans.) Andretti and Ickx together won four of the races, and Ickx picked up another pair of victories with two other co-drivers.

Redman, hired to drive the third car of a three-car team, performed admirably. He won two races and twice finished second.

For Elford and Marko, the season ended very differently. Elford saw Jo Bonnier killed at LeMans. At the end of the season, partly because of Bonnier's death, but mainly because his "high level of reality" did not fail him, he announced his retirement.

Marko also retired. During the French Grand Prix, his plastic visor was shattered by a stone tossed up from the side of the track by another car. The freak accident left him blind in his left eye. ■

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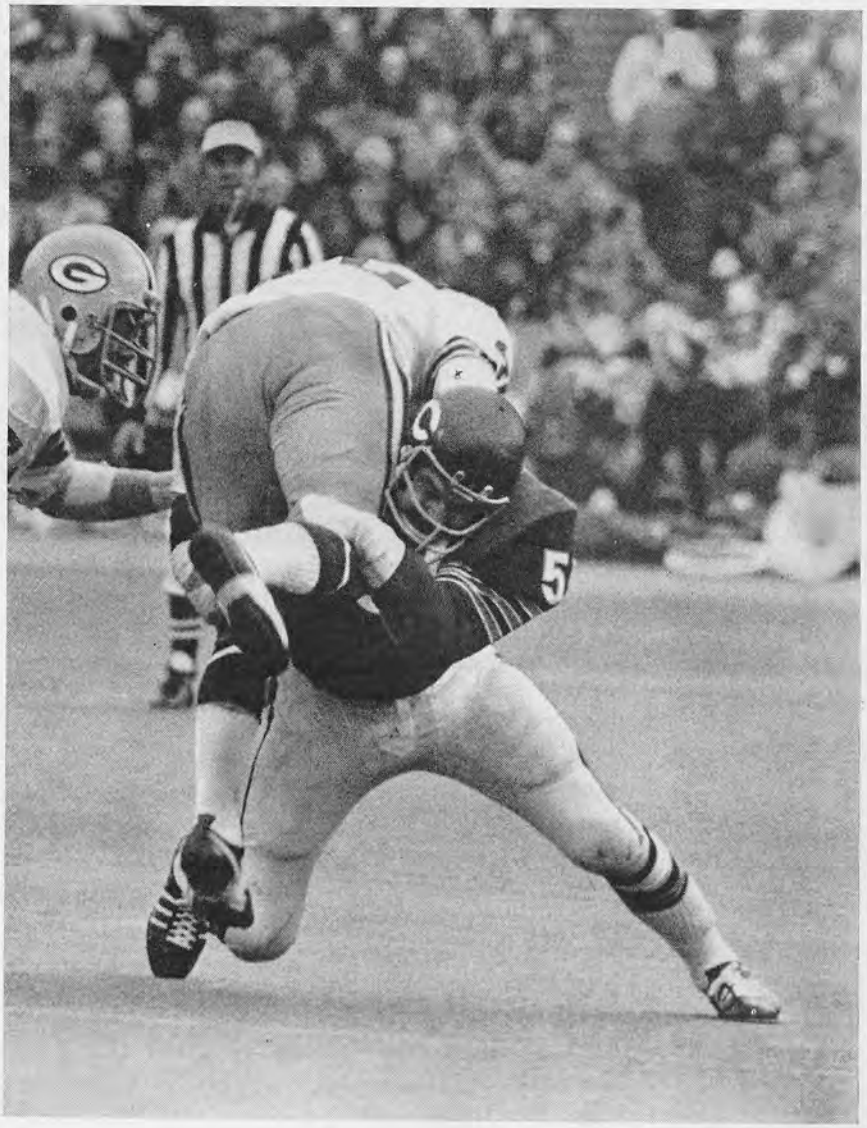
SPORT TALK

BY DICK SCHAAP

THE MEAN QUOTIENT

SPORT'S staff recently conducted a very informal telephone survey among pro football players to determine who is the meanest man in the NFL. Mean Joe Greene placed only third. Meaner Willie Lanier came in second, and Meanest Dick Butkus topped the list.

Some of the answers surprised. John Unitas, for instance, singled out "any and all coaches," completely ignoring general managers. Dan Pastorini of the Houston Oilers chose Joe Greene "only because Elvin Bethea is my teammate," and Tim Rossovich and Paul Costa, who are roommates on the San Diego Chargers, nominated each other. Each took it as a compliment.



YOUNG AND MEAN

Butkus, Lanier and Greene may have to protect their dishonor in a couple of years from a young man named Mike Lemon, now a junior middle guard at the University of Kansas.

Here are Lemon's qualifications:

1. He used to hang the kids next door upside-down from a tree.
2. He once punched a nun in school.

Lemon says he isn't really as mean as he sounds. Actually, he explains, the nun hit him first.

SIX FOULS IS FAIR— OR EVEN MORE

The American Basketball Association this year is testing a new rule which permits a player, after committing his sixth personal foul, to remain in the game. Even if he commits seven or eight or more, he will not be given the rest of the night off. His fouls will count as team fouls, setting up penalty situations, but he cannot be disqualified. The idea is to make certain star players entertain the fans as long as they are physically capable. The leading beneficiary of the new rule figures to be a non-star, San Diego's Gene Moore, who fouled out 22 times last year, more than twice as many times as anyone else.

A PAIR OF PUNDITS

It used to be that if you asked anyone in Washington, "What former sportswriter is close to the President of the United States?" the answer had to be James Reston, former publicity man for the Cincinnati Reds turned pundit.

The answer now, of course, is David Eisenhower, who gave up his sports column on The Philadelphia *Bulletin* to enter George Washington Law School this fall. In his final *Bulletin* column, Eisenhower picked the Phillies to finish first in the National League East.

If it's any consolation to David, Reston has called a few wrong, too.

His fellow NFL players picked Dick Butkus as the meanest man in the league, but they did it, wisely, in a secret ballot.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SPORT TALK CONTINUED

BRATS FOR THE BREWERS

Tim Sullivan, an unofficial statistician from Stevens Point, Wisconsin, passed along the following note, on the chance that it eluded Allan Roth, our official statistician:

During the 1973 baseball season, at Milwaukee County Stadium, Bob "Ma" Pesch, also from Stevens Point, broke the major-league record for bratwurst consumed by an individual during a nine-inning game. Pesch set his mark during a game between the Brewers and the Oakland A's. "I didn't really think I had a shot at the record," Ma confessed afterward, "because I don't usually eat well against Oakland. My previous high against them was eight Cokes and two hot dogs."

The old bratwurst record, according to Detroit sportswriter Joe Falls, who said he set it, was four in a game. Pesch started off as though he were going to devour the record quickly.

In the first two innings, Pesch put away three bratwurst. But then he discovered that with the third brat, he had consumed the entire wrapper. "My stomach muscles tightened," Pesch said. He couldn't eat again till the eighth inning.

Fortunately, in the eighth inning, the Brewers rallied for two runs to tie up the game. The rally made Pesch nervous, and like many people, when Pesch gets nervous, he eats. He polished off six brats during the big uprising.

In the ninth inning, when Milwaukee pulled out a 4-3 victory, Pesch gobbled his tenth bratwurst, establishing a record that should stand for a long time. He was filled with pride. "Falls' record had been eating away at me for a long time," Pesch explained.

Pesch has a training tip for anyone who'd like to challenge his mark. He recommends a lot of running. Preferably to a pizzeria.

HIGH STEAKS

When the beef shortage was at its worst, the following classified ad appeared in an Atlanta newspaper:

"FALCON TICKETS? Will exchange full side choice heavy beef for Falcon season tickets. . . ."

There was probably no truth to the rumor that it was Norm Van Brocklin's way of putting a rookie tackle on waivers.

SHELBY REVISITED

Exactly 50 years ago, in 1923, the town of Shelby, Montana, reigned briefly as sports capital of the world. Jack Kearns, the old fight manager, chose Shelby as the site for his tiger, Jack Dempsey, to defend the world heavyweight championship against Tommy Gibbons.

It was a terrific honor for Shelby.

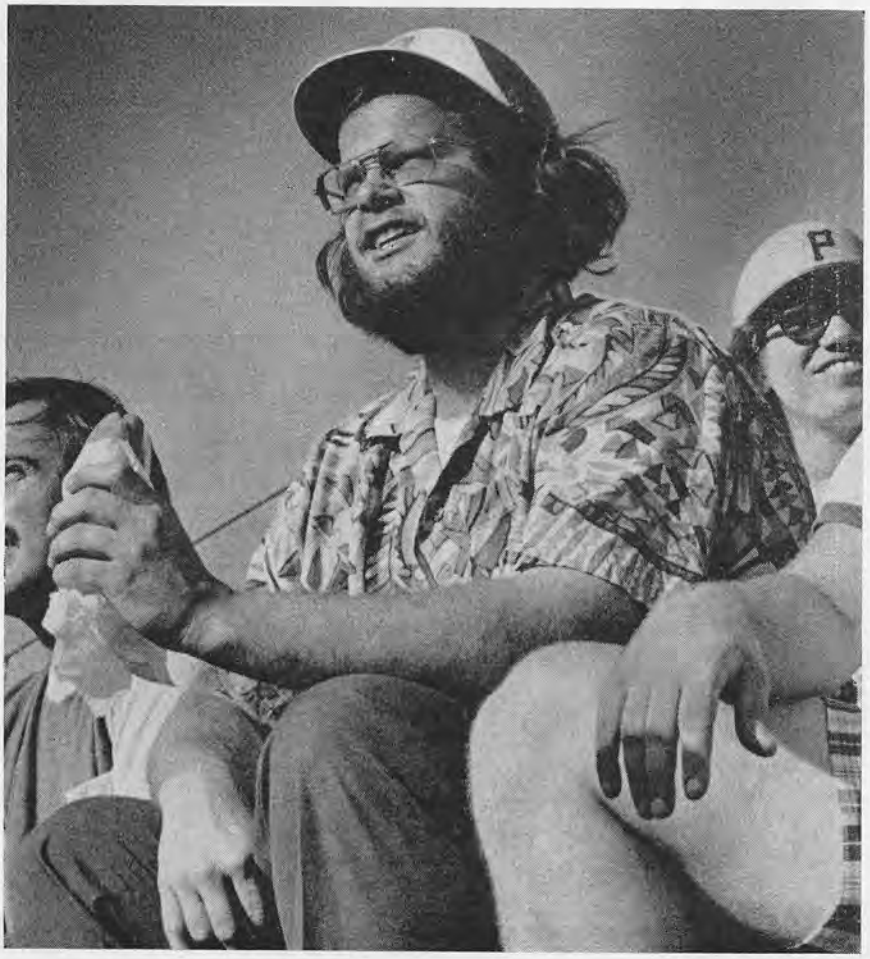
It was also a terrific killing for Kearns and Dempsey.

The two Jacks took all the jack out of Shelby. The town was left virtually bankrupt, the event won a place in history as The Sack of Shelby, and for the next several decades, the people of Shelby felt about athletic contests the way the people of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, felt about floods.

This year, finally, half a century later, Shelby sufficiently recovered to host another championship event. It was called the United States Open Gopher Derby.

The U.S. Open Gopher Derby began —like the Dempsey-Gibbons match— mostly as a promotional gag. Shelby radio station KSEN heard about a world gopher racing championship held each year in Saskatchewan and decided that Shelby would be the perfect spot for an American derby. After all, gophers abound in the surrounding prairies. They burrow in wheat fields, play on nearby ICBM sites and dodge cars and trucks on local highways.

KSEN announced that, for a $1 fee, anyone could enter his own gopher in the derby or could sponsor a gopher provided by the station. KSEN built up



Now that Ma Pesch has polished off the record for bratwurst in a single game, he can attack Babe Ruth's hot-dog mark.

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Photo of actual ranchland taken at Sangre de Cristo Ranches

Where the deer and the antelope play

Sangre de Cristo Ranches. Midway between Denver and Albuquerque. Where the Kit Carson Trail meets the Navajo Trail in beautiful southern Colorado.

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This is good land. Land you can see for yourself. Land you can stand on and dig into. It's a subdivision of the gigantic, 260 square mile Forbes Trinchera Ranch. Forbes Inc., publishers of Forbes Magazine and owners of Sangre de Cristo Ranches Inc. acquired the Trinchera Ranch some years ago. One of the oldest of the remaining big ranches in America, it ranks among the best known preserves for deer, elk, game birds and other wildlife.

Located near the intersection of U.S. Route 160 and Colorado Highway 159 just outside Fort Garland, Colorado, Sangre de Cristo Ranches are spread over thousands of rolling acres which rise to the towering mountain peaks of the Trinchera and Mount Blanca.

Since Forbes Inc. began offering this section of its big ranch for homesites, thousands of people have come from all over the nation to see this magnificent land, to purchase their own Sangre de Cristo Ranch.

Important guarantees backed by Forbes Magazine's distinguished reputation have contributed much to the Sangre de Cristo success story. Every investor is double protected: he has twelve months after his first payment during which he can—and is urged—to visit his ranch. And if it doesn't fully meet expectations, he can have all payments promptly refunded. Or if he simply changes his mind within sixty days of making his first payment, his money will be returned promptly.

You can own part of this breathtaking land for just $5,000 total cash price. Easy credit terms are available. Also, other Sangre de Cristo ranch sites are available at prices ranging from $5,000 to $10,000. This offer presents a wonderful opportunity for long term investment in the great southwest.

For complete details on these ranches, without obligation, simply fill in and mail the coupon below to Sangre de Cristo Ranches, Box 2000, New York, N. Y. 10011.

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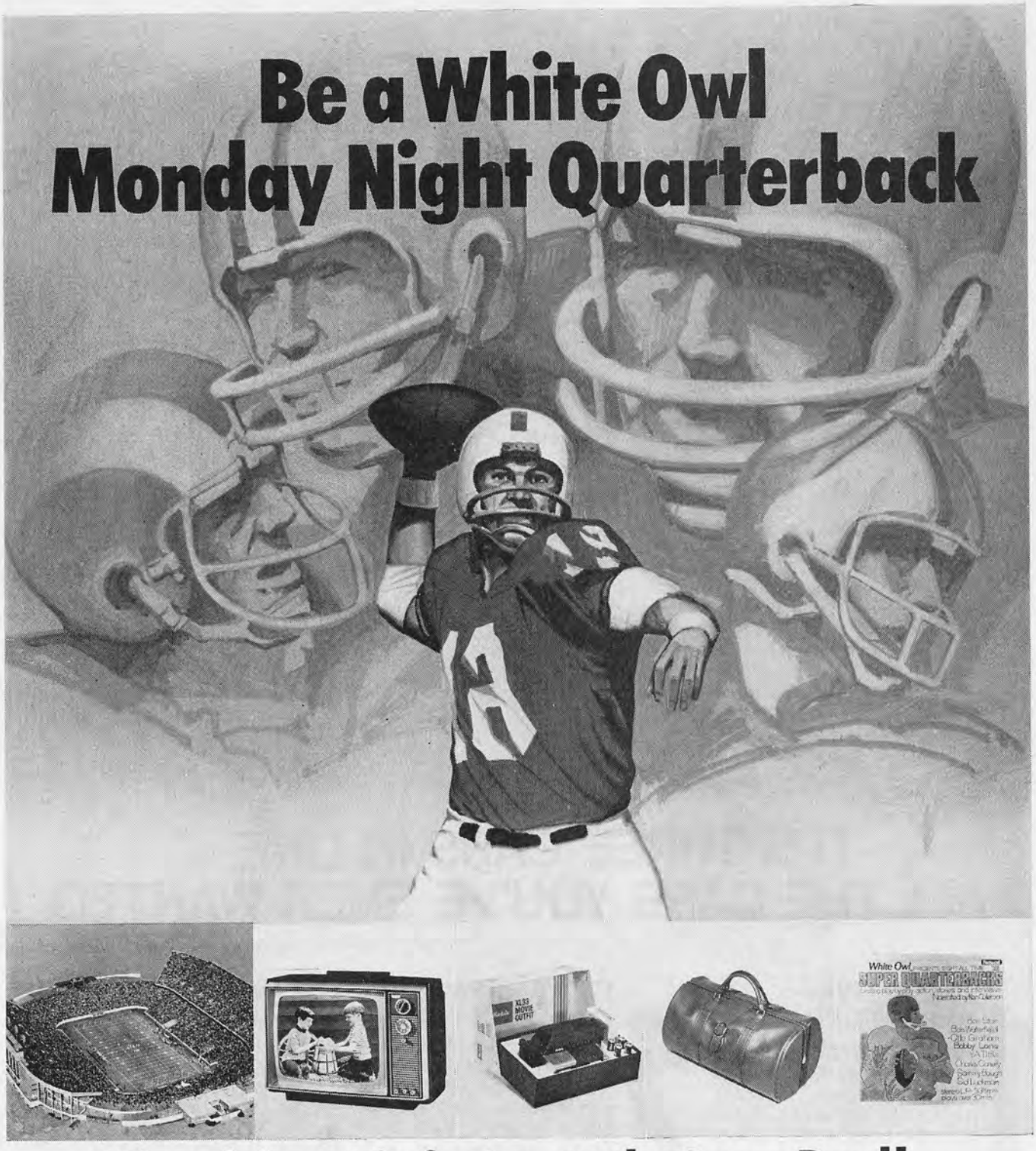

Win a deluxe trip for two to the Super Bowl!

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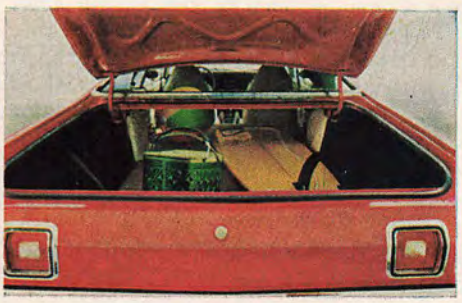


its stable by paying 25 cents per healthy animal, then—in order to house its collection legally—had to have its storage barn designated as a game preserve.

To the surprise of the station, entries poured in from as far away as Alaska and New York. The field had to be limited to 288 gophers, with $3 going to the winner of each heat, $5 to the winer of each semi-final and $100 grand prize to the champion.

The gophers went for the loot on a $77 race track, built of plexiglass and wood with eight different colored lanes and an elevated starting shaft. The field included such famous gophers as Hobo, Doc, Moose, Double Clutch and Lightning. The champion was named, simply enough, Racer. He dashed 24 feet in 8.4 seconds, a full second off the American record, set in a qualifying heat by Red Baron. Racer's sponsor, a farmboy named Kevin Dodson, collected $108, which made him happy, but didn't quite put him in Jack Kearns' class.

One final note: Each race began not with a gun or with a whistle, but with the noise most likely to strike fear in the heart of any sensible gopher. Each race began with the sound of a blaring car horn.

REFORMED UMPIRE

When Art Passarella's legs began to ache 20 years ago, the American League umpire decided he had better find another line of work. He turned to an old friend, Johnny Berardino, for advice. Berardino had switched from being a big-league infielder to being a good-looking actor and, in the process, had dropped the middle letter of his last name. Beradino recommended that Passarella go into his business. "You've been acting all your life," said Beradino.

Passarella took the advice and wound up, scowling, in 16 different episodes of the gangster series, *The Untouchables*, a bit of type casting which confirmed the suspicions of several ballplayers.

Now Passarella has a more secure existence. He is the stand-in and double for a former basketball player named Mladen Sekulovich, who, like Beradino, altered his name when he moved from sports to acting. Sekulovich changed his name more drastically—to Karl Malden.

Eleven years ago, Malden was one of the stars of *The Cincinnati Kid*, and Passarella had a bit part. The two struck up a friendship, and since then, Passarella has been Malden's stand-in for 15 movies plus the current TV series, *The Streets of San Francisco*. (Passarella stands in Malden's place during tests for lighting and camera angles.)

"When things get dull around the set," says Malden, "I tell Art how I got this broken beak of mine playing semi-pro basketball to earn money for drama school, and he tells me about all the guys he threw out of ballgames."

Among Passarella's stories: "I remember my first time in Boston. I'm working first base. Somebody whacks a grounder to Joe Cronin at shortstop. A close play, but I give it to the runner.

"Cronin comes tearing across the field hollering at me, calling me a this and a that. So I say, very politely, 'Mr. Cronin, you're out of the game.' He's one of the greats, Joe Cronin, playing manager of the Red Sox. He just shrugs and trots back out to his position.

"Marv Shea's coaching at first base for Detroit, and he's taking it all in. What's the rookie ump going to do? I'm in a spot, right?

"So I walk over to Cronin and I say, 'Mr. Cronin, I said you were out of the game. Please go.' He calls me everything under the sun. The fans are screaming bloody murder. But I stand my ground, and finally Cronin leaves. Marv Shea goes back to the Detroit bench and tells them what happened, and that's how the word got around the league real fast: 'Don't mess with Passarella.' "

Passarella spent 15 years in the big leagues, worked six All-Star Games and four World Series. "I enjoyed every minute of it," he says. 'Maybe not every minute. Not that time in Washington when I got hit by a foul tip and the ball broke my jaw and I swallowed my tongue. I might've choked to death right there, but Al Simmons comes running in and yells for a trainer to pull my tongue out so I can breathe.

"I'm out of action for ten days. The first game back, I'm at second base and who comes sliding in on a close play but Al Simmons. My jaw's wired up and I can hardly talk, but I manage to whisper, 'You're out.'

"Simmons gets up and he's furious. He makes some unkind reference to my ancestry and then he says, 'Why, I saved your life.'

"And I said, 'Yeah, Al, but that was ten days ago.' "

Art Passarella (left) isn't a perfect double for Karl Malden, but neither is a real threat to win any beauty contest.

TWO NFL ROOKIES: Big John & Little Richie

BY DAVID ISRAEL

If there is a God, and He knows what He is doing, He will reach down one day and strip Pete Rozelle of his title as commissioner of the National Football League. Then, in His infinite wisdom, He will annoint Rozelle His personal public relations man. Within a decade, He will probably reign supreme, as He once did, over Sundays—and if He is lucky, He will even become as big as Monday-night football.

Pete Rozelle is the high priest of the predominant religion in America today. He has made the Pro Football Hall of Fame more sacred than any multi-spired shrine, the Super Bowl more nervously awaited than Judgment Day. Like any decent high priest, Rozelle knows the value of ritual.

Take, for instance, the annual NFL player draft. It is a production calculated, like almost every move Rozelle makes, to induce maximum media coverage. And, like most Rozelle moves, it works.

All of the other major sports also hold drafts. Major-league baseball has a draft that you can find out about if you study *The Sporting News* carefully. The National Basketball Association has a draft that is held one month after it is scheduled to be held. The two hockey leagues each have one, and each drafts the same pubescent youngsters with the same unpronounceable names.

The Rozelle draft is different.

The NFL draft is a celebration of muscle and speed and all the good old boys Bud and Chris bring you each Saturday afternoon in the fall.

It attracts the cameras and the commentators of all the television networks. It persuades sports columnists to drag themselves out of bed and onto the scene before noontime. It draws fans armed with their own draft lists, and it draws hungry fathers-in-law of obscure tight ends.

It is the baptismal ritual of professional football.

The 1973 NFL draft was held in the Versailles Room of New York's Americana Hotel. More than 500 people were on hand when, a few minutes after ten a.m., January 30, Pete Rozelle stepped to the microphones. "The Houston Oilers," Rozelle announced, "select . . . the first choice of the first round . . . John Matuszak . . . M-A-T-U-S-Z-A-K . . . defensive end . . . University of Tampa."

Before Rozelle had even finished saying the name, a little whoop went up in the back of the Versailles Room. It came from Bob Woolf, the Boston-based sports attorney. Woolf was attending the draft on behalf of several potential draftees, including John Matuszak. As soon as he heard "Mat . . ." Woolf knew something. He knew that, suddenly, he had a star on his hands. He knew that by the end of the day, thanks to the wire services, the afternoon newspapers and the evening television news, the American public would have the name John Matuszak . . . M-A-T-U-S-Z-A-K . . . imprinted on its football mind.

With his simple incantation, opening the ritual of the draft, Pete Rozelle had created a rookie hero.

Several hours later, another rookie, Rich Glover, became a ritual sacrifice.

And all because of what happened on January 30, seven and a half months before the first official kickoff of the season, any dedicated football fan knew right then that John Matuszak, barring an injury, would be a starting member of the 1973 Houston Oilers and that Rich Glover, barring a miracle, would be watching his first pro game from a spot no closer than the bench.

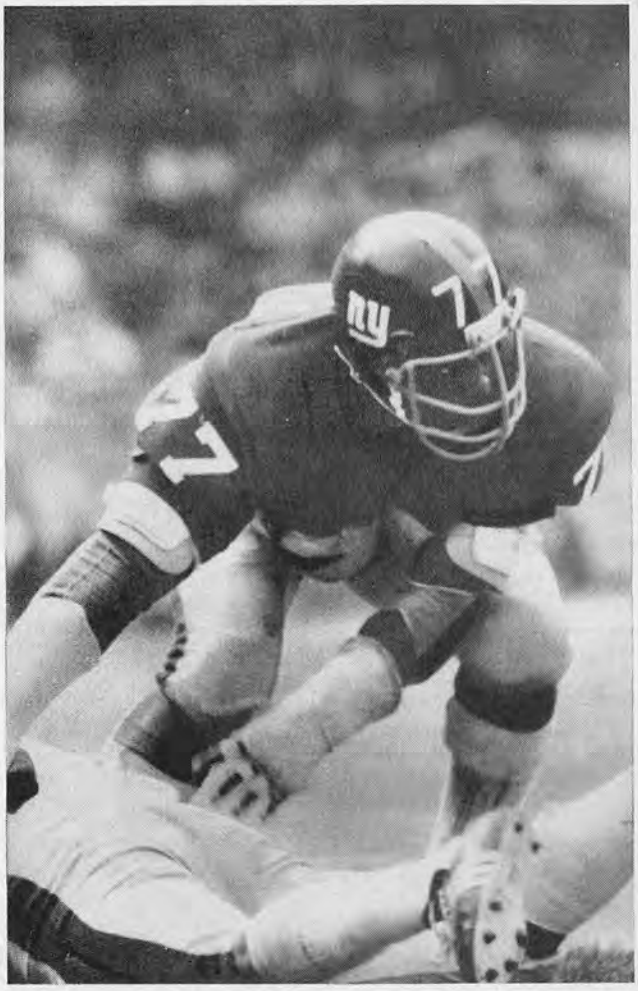
While Rozelle was spelling out the last name of the first draft choice, a name that sounded and even looked like a defensive lineman's, the man who bore the name stood in a newspaper office in Tampa, Florida. Gary Huff, a quarterback from Florida State, and Huff's lawyer were also at the newspaper office, sweating out the draft.

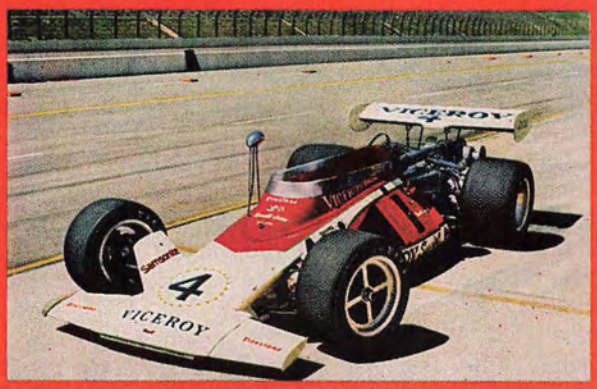
"I was just a defensive lineman," John Matuszak said later. "I didn't think I belonged there."

A few minutes after ten, a loud voice rang out of the newspaper's wire room and told John Matuszak that he belonged.

In 521 Abel Hall, a dormitory on the campus of the University of Nebraska, Rich Glover sprawled on his bed. He had cut classes that morning to wait out the draft. He was certain his call would come early. Rich Glover was one of the three most prominent residents of the capital of Nebraska, a western outpost named Lincoln. The other two were Bob Devaney, the Nebraska football coach, and Johnny Rodgers, the of-

For every 100 fans who knew Rich Glover (left) in college, maybe one knew John Matuszak. But the one was a pro scout.





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Big John & Little Richie

CONTINUED

fensive back. Rich Glover was the middle guard. No one knew the governor of Nebraska's name.

Rich Glover burst into the American conciousness on a gray Thursday in November, 1971, in Norman, Oklahoma, during what many people call the greatest college football game ever played—Nebraska vs. Oklahoma. He became one of Bud and Chris's good old boys that day. Before a television audience of 55 million, Glover made 22 tackles. Off one incredible game, he made everybody's All-America team, he clinched the 1972 Outland Trophy awarded to the top collegiate lineman, and he established himself as the greatest middle guard in college football history. In one day, all the essential verities of Rich Glover's ability were projected before the public. The same thing happened to John Matuszak on January 30, 1973. Each man became a national figure on a single day. Rich Glover made it on the football field.

So it was with good reason that Rich Glover expected an early call on January 30.

But there was no early call. After Matuszak, there was Bert Jones of LSU and then Jerry Sisemore of Texas and John Hannah of Alabama and Dave Butz of Purdue. Later, there was Johnny Rodgers and then even Monte Johnson, a second-string tackle for Nebraska. But there was no Rich Glover.

Lunchtime came and Rich Glover was still waiting. Waiting in the dormitory room that he shared with Darryl White, an offensive tackle. Staring at the cinderblock walls painted the institutional orange and yellow. Looking at the barrenness. The No. 1 plaque on the bookcase over his desk, the old football schedules pasted up on the wall.

Rich Glover's smile started to turn down. His bulging frog eyes no longer gleamed. His brow furrowed. Worry, maybe even anger, came into Rich Glover's face. For two years, on the field, he had turned opposing centers empty inside. Now Rich Glover was tasting that feeling himself.

Rich Glover's plans—the good ones of the good life—were slipping away with each passing minute. At home in Jersey City were his mother and four brothers and five sisters. His father had been dead for 12 years, and finally, finally, with the bonus money, Rich had thought, there was going to be only happiness in the Glover home.

But now the bonus money seemed far away.

Finally, at about four p.m. Lincoln time, a long-distance call came from New York. Rich Glover answered. A reporter was on the other end.

"What's happenin'?" Rich asked.

"Not much. You were just drafted by the Giants. On the third round."

"That's alright. I like to go home. But I was lookin' forward to goin' a little higher."

John Matuszak is the perfect John Matuszak. He was created to be the first man taken in the first round. He is six-feet, eight-inches tall. He weighs 282 pounds. And he is designed along the heroic proportions of a Michaelangelo sculpture. There is no fat. The 54-inch chest tapers to a 34-inch waist. The legs can carry the body 40 yards in 4.75 seconds. Magnificently fast.

Even the head is that of a Renaissance sculpture. It is topped by long, curly hair. It is dominated by a long, sharp, but perfectly proportioned nose. The lips are thin, the cheeks drawn tight.

And even the mind is perfect for a football player. And this is no cliché; this is not to deprecate John Matuszak's intelligence. For he is no one's fool. It's just that it takes a rare state of mind to be able to go out each day and inflict pain for a living in the name of sport. And that's what defensive linemen must do to succeed. Use strength to inflict pain on the opposing offensive linemen. Enough pain to make a proud man quit for one play at a time. That's John Matuszak's gift, his ability to use his remarkable body to do that.

"When I get hit good," he says, "when I get popped, it just makes me angry, it exhilirates me, it makes me want to hit more. Some guys start to shy away. They don't want the contact. They won't make it."

But John Matuszak will. He is the stuff of which stars are made.

The day after the draft, Bob Woolf had Matuszak fly into New York from Tampa. Woolf met Matuszak in the Americana lobby, and before taking him to meet the press, he took him up to his hotel room. When they got in the elevator, Matuszak asked the operator for the 23rd floor. The elevator was crowded. People were going to the sixth, 11th and 16th floors. The operator went straight to the 23rd, then came down to the other floors. None of the other riders complained.

Then, after meeting and awing the hard New York press, John Matuszak went out for a walk on Broadway. After walking a couple of blocks toward Times Square, Matuszak reached for his wallet. It wasn't there. He knew what people had told him about New York. He thought he remembered that someone had brushed into him. About a block ahead, a guy was sprinting. Matuszak took off after him. He caught him three blocks later. He

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Big John & Little Richie

CONTINUED

grabbed the guy by the shoulder.

"Give me the wallet," he said.

The guy blanched. He reached for the wallet and handed it over. Matuszak let the guy go. The guy, thankful he was still alive, took off.

An hour later, Matuszak returned to his hotel room. His own wallet was lying on his bed.

The incident pained John Matuszak. It had to. It reminded him of his last night as a sophomore football player at the University of Missouri. He was a second-team tight end then, fighting to win a starting position. Colorado was the third game of the season and John still had a chance to become a starter. He was new at Missouri. He came from Fort Dodge, Iowa, Junior College. He went to Fort Dodge because his high-school grades weren't good enough to get him a scholarship at a four-year college.

In the fourth quarter of the game, Missouri was winning big and Matuszak was still charged up. He was getting his chance. He hit one of the Colorado players with a good, clean block. The Colorado player swung at John. Politely, John asked him what the hell he did that for. An official threw both of them out.

That didn't please Dan Devine, the Missouri coach Matuszak was trying to please. Devine told John one more misstep and he was out of school.

That evening, Matuszak went to a fraternity party. He went with a girl he respected very much. It was a celebration of the victory over Colorado, but John didn't drink. At one point, his date left him for a moment to go to the bathroom.

"When she went by," Matuszak remembers, "this derelict Air Force cadet said something to her. When she came back, he grabbed her."

John hit the Air Force cadet twice in the face and left the party while the cadet was lying on the ground. The next day, he found out the cadet had 18 fractures in his face—every bone was busted—and it took ten hours of surgery to set them. He also found out that two punches equalled one more misstep and he was off the team. He was also under indictment.

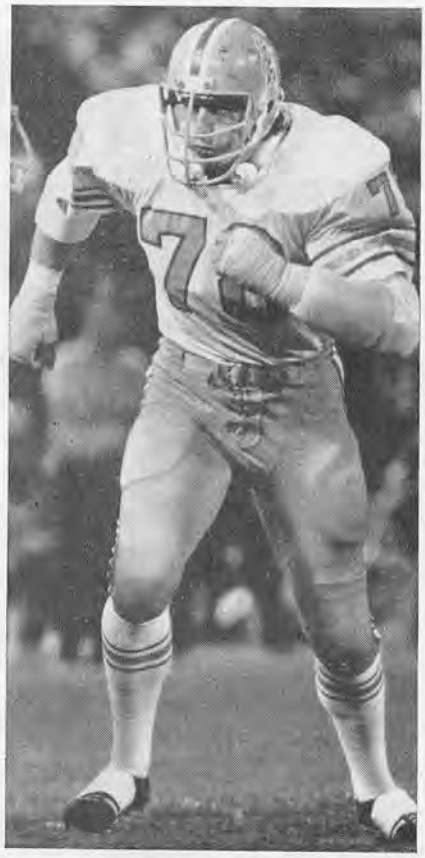
"I wound up with two years probation," Matuszak says. "And I learned to walk away from trouble."

Matuszak spent the two years probation at the University of Tampa learning another valuable lesson: How to play defensive line.

That John Matuszak learned his Florida lessons well was readily apparent to all the football scouts and computers, even if it wasn't to the fans. Even though John Matuszak didn't make any All-America teams —except the one in *Time* magazine chosen by the pro scouts—every pro team, given the chance, would have made him its first choice.

But the value of Matuszak's talents wasn't readily apparent to Sid Gillman, the general manager of the Houston Oilers who drafted him. This is the same Sid Gillman who was later put on probation by Pete Rozelle for dealing pills to the players he coached in San Diego.

Gillman is the man who had to sign John Matuszak. To do this, he had to deal with Bob Woolf. Bob



John Matuszak's size carried him into the starting lineup; Rich Glover's size carried him to the pro sidelines.

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Big John & Little Richie

CONTINUED

Woolf knew what to expect for Matuszak. Woolf knew because he had negotiated 700 professional athletic contracts, including those signed by Walt Patulski and Sherman White, a pair of defensive linemen who were the first and second players drafted by the NFL in 1972.

So Bob Woolf was more than surprised when Sid Gillman made an offer right after the draft and said it was non-negotiable. Take it or leave it. The offer was less than the Green Bay Packers, general managed by Matuszak's old friend, Dan Devine, offered the 21st pick in the draft, wide receiver Barry Smith of Florida State, also a Woolf client.

It went on like that for months. No negotiating. No signed contract. Woolf got impatient. So did Matuszak. But Gillman figured he had them good. After all, he reasoned, there hasn't been an AFL for years, what's he gonna play, semi-pro?

And then one day in July, Bob Woolf and John Matuszak were seen walking on a street in Toronto, Canada. They were seen by a newspaper photographer who took a picture that got wide circulation. A Toronto sportswriter wrote a story that Matuszak was negotiating with the Toronto Argonauts.

Within 24 hours, Sid Gillman was on the phone to Woolf. The conversation went something like this:

"Bob," Sid said, surprise in his voice, "where the hell you been?"

"Canada," said Woolf.

The next day, Bob Woolf was in Houston. He met with Sid Gillman. He flew home that night, John Matuszak's contract settled.

"I was in the middle of Gillman and Woolf," Matuszak said. "Sid would call me up and say, 'Your attorney is not a very good, honest guy.' And I would say, 'Sid, he always says good things about you.'

"That was me they were talking about—my life and money. But now I'm satisfied. Just say I got more than $40,000 a year for four years. I wanted a million dollars, but those years are gone."

Not necessarily. They may be in the future. John Matuszak is the kind of personality who could make millions in endorsements. Only two things could hold him back: Injuries and Houston. He has never been injured, though, so that isn't much of a worry. But then there's Houston. The team is terrible. The city is bad, especially if you want national attention without having to bump off 27 kids. But John Matuszak could overcome Houston. He reminds you very much of a large Joe Namath. Instead of the green Continental, there is a shiny white Grand Prix, there is the natural ability, and there is that confidence that so many mistakenly dismiss as arrogance.

"Like Namath?" John Matuszak echoes. "I'm not as cocky as he is. But give me a year, maybe. . . ."

Rich Glover was drafted lower than he expected for the same reason John Matuszak was drafted so high: Size. Rich Glover is six-foot-one and 240 pounds. All his life he has been a defensive lineman, except for one half of one All-Star game last winter when they put him at linebacker and found out that he was a defensive lineman. And the National Football League computers insist that six-one and 240 pounds is just too small for a defensive tackle, which is what he would have to play in the NFL with its even fronts.

On all but one team, that is. The New York Giants play a four-man front, but with an odd-man alignment. One of the tackles plays on the center's nose, plays middle guard, really, the position that Rich Glover had played better than anyone in college history. The Giants switched from the conventional four-three alignment in 1972. A rookie from Grambling named John Mendenhall who weighs 260 pounds played middle guard for them then.

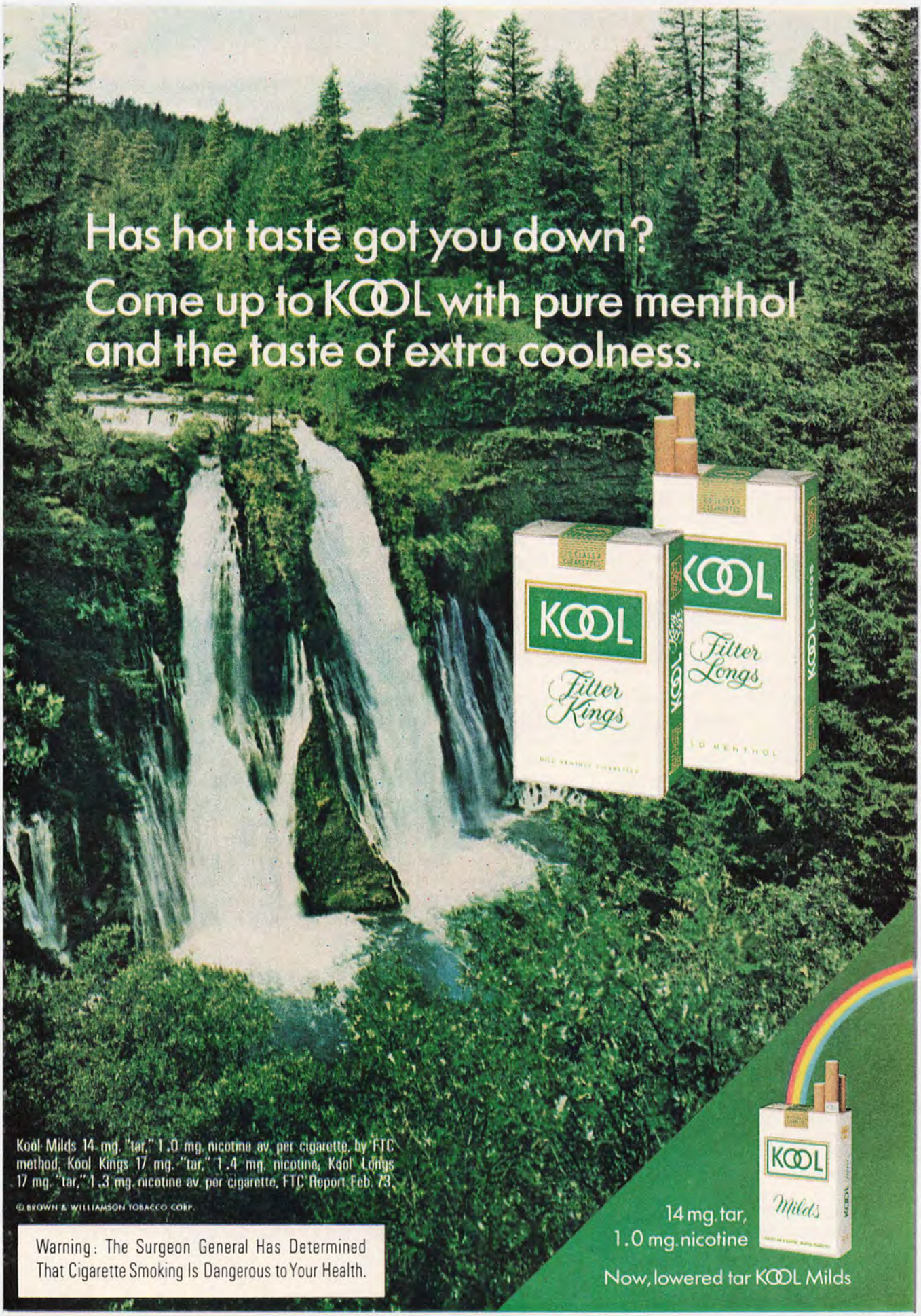
Glover collected a modest bonus from the Giants, bought himself a Jaguar XJ-6 and decided he would live at his mother's house in Jersey City. He played for the College All-Stars, then reported to the Giants.

Early in the exhibition season, Glover looked good, and when some injuries hit the Giants' defensive line, Mendenhall moved out to end and Glover became a starter—after ten days with the team. In his one start, Glover made eight tackles and assisted on six others. The next week, he was back on the bench. And the week before the final exhibition game, the Giants asked for waivers on Rich Glover. They asked then—instead of waiting till the final cut—because, if he were claimed, he could still be recalled. At least two teams wanted Glover, and the Giants recalled him. They put him on their taxi squad. When the Giants opened their season at Yankee Stadium—against Houston and John Matuszak—Rich Glover was not even in uniform. He was a spectator.

In a novel called *The One-Eyed Man*, written by Larry L. King, one of the major characters knocks on a door and, to his surprise, the door is opened by an uncommonly beautiful woman. "Male and female," says the man, "He created them all. But sometimes He lost His head and got carried away with His work. Praised be His name."

John Matuszak is Pete Rozelle's perfect creation.

Rich Glover will have to work it out for himself. ■



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DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE...

JOHN HENRY JOHNSON?

Before Franco Harris (see page 60), the only Pittsburgh Steeler to gain 1000 yards rushing in a season was an angry man named John Henry Johnson. He gained 1141 yards, still the club record, in 1962, and he topped 1000 again in 1964 when he was 35.

John Henry Johnson was angry when the Steelers drafted him No. 1 out of Arizona State in 1951. "They didn't offer me enough money," he says. So Johnson signed to play Canadian football. He finally got to Pittsburgh in 1960, via San Francisco and Detroit.

Johnson was angry with the way the Steelers treated him when he was injured in 1965. He wrote letters to general manager Dan Rooney demanding his release. He got it, then signed with the Houston Oilers.

But Johnson was angriest when he was playing the game. Dick Bass, the former L.A. Ram, once explained that John Henry was introduced to football by a high-school coach who pointed to an end and told John Henry, "Block him out." John Henry thought he said, "Black him out."

In 12 NFL and AFL seasons, Johnson gained 6574 yards, making him the fifth leading rusher in pro history.

Today John Henry Johnson works in community relations for the Columbia Gas Company in Pittsburgh, and he's still angry. He's angry at football for not giving him the chance to coach. "Football hasn't changed in the last ten years," he says, "because there has been no infusion of new thinkers. You still have all the same coaches.

"There are only four black assistant coaches in all of pro football. You get a pro coaching job by the buddy system—if you played with a guy, he's your buddy and you hire him. None of my buddies are coaching."

Even Franco Harris gets Johnson angry—not with Harris, but with the Steelers. "Franco has unlimited potential, but they don't use him right. They should run him out of the I-formation so he could pick any available hole."

If the Steelers follow Johnson's advice, and if he's right, then Harris ought to break Johnson's rushing record. John Henry promises he won't be angry.

INSIDE FACTS

BY ALLAN ROTH

Larry Brown and Larry Csonka have been the most consistent ball-carriers in the NFL in the three seasons since the NFL-AFL merger. . . . Brown and Csonka are the only players who have gained over 3000 yards rushing during this three-year span. . . . With yearly totals of 1125, 948, 1216, Brown has gained 3289 yards rushing in the last three years, and Csonka has rushed for 3042 yards (874, 1051, 1117). . . . However, Csonka has the best average-per-rush during this period, with 5.06 compared to 4.24 for Brown.

Csonka, who has never won a rushing title, has been the AFC runner-up in each of the last three seasons, trailing Floyd Little in 1970 and 1971, and O.J. Simpson in 1972. . . . Brown led the NFL in 1970 and led the National Conference in 1972, finishing fourth in the NFC in 1971. . . . They are the only two players who ranked in the top five in their conferences in rushing in each of the last three seasons.

The 1972 season was the year of the running back in the NFL, with a record total of ten 1000-yard rushers, including five who had never performed the feat before—O.J. Simpson (NFL leader, with 1251), Marv Hubbard, Franco Harris, Calvin Hill and Mercury Morris. . . . 17 active NFL players have had at least one 1000-yard rushing year in either the NFL or AFL. . . . Leroy Kelly is the only active player who has done it three times (1966-'67-'68).

Six active players have had two 1000-yard rushing seasons. . . . In addition to Larry Brown and Larry Csonka, the other two-time 1000-yard rushers are John Brockington, Mike Garrett, Ron Johnson and Jim Nance. . . . Brockington is the only player in NFL history who has had 1000-yard rushing seasons in each of his first two years, leading the NFC in 1971 (1105) and ranking fourth in the conference in 1972 (1027). . . . Mike Garrett had a 1087-rushing year for Kansas City in AFL in 1967, and came back with 1031-yards rushing for San Diego last year. . . . Ron Johnson was runner-up (to Larry Brown) in the NFC in 1970 and 1972, with 1027 and 1182.

In addition to Leroy Kelly and Larry Brown, the only active players who have won more than one rushing title are Floyd Little, who led the AFC in 1970 and 1971, and Jim Nance, AFL leader in 1966-67. . . . The best lifetime rushing average among active running backs who have carried at least 500 times belongs to Larry Csonka, with 4.8 yards per carry. . . . Oakland's Marv Hubbard started the 1973 season with a 4.9 average in 472 attempts.

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QUINN BUCKNER: SEASONED SOPHOMORE

BY LON EUBANKS

Indiana basketball coach Bob Knight was delighted by the news from Moscow in late August. The United States basketball team had just won the gold medal in the World University Games, and what pleased Knight most was that the captain of the U.S. team was 18-year-old Quinn Buckner, who had starred on Knight's Hoosier team as a freshman.

Indiana football coach Lee Corso, on the other hand, was worried by the news from Moscow. As a freshman safety, Buckner had led the team in interceptions, passes broken up and touchdown saves. Now, Corso feared, Buckner might be too certain that his pro future was in basketball, or simply too tired, to continue with football.

Not many college sophomores could stir such reactions in two coaches of different sports. Last year, for the first time in years, freshmen were eligible for varsity sports at major colleges. Relatively few became starters. Quinn Buckner, a six-foot-three, 200 pounder, is probably the only freshman who became a starter in football and basketball at a university where both sports have major status.

None of the dozens of college scouts and coaches who saw Quinn play in high school were surprised by his sudden success. At Thornridge High School in the Chicago suburb of Phoenix, Buckner led his basketball team to 54 straight wins and back-to-back Illinois state championships. In football, he was brilliant as a split end, defensive back and kick returner.

That Buckner wound up choosing Indiana as his college came as no great surprise, either. Quinn's parents are both Indiana graduates; his father Bill, a junior-high-school athletic director, had been a lineman for the Hoosiers' 1945 Big Ten champions.

Three games into the 1972 season, Buckner became a football starter for the Hoosiers. His speed and quickness made him a standout, but he also made his share of mistakes, and he wasn't the breakaway threat on punts and kickoff returns that he had hoped he'd be. "I knew the football players in college would be bigger, faster and smarter," he says, "but I didn't know that they'd be that much bigger, faster and smarter."

As expected, Buckner took hold much more quickly in basketball. He walked off the football field and after only four days of basketball practice, he was a starter. With a style similar, in many ways, to Oscar Robertson's, Buckner played a key role in Indiana's surge to a surprise Big Ten championship. The Hoosiers went on to the semifinals of the NCAA tournament where they were beaten by UCLA, 70-59. Indiana then beat Providence, 97-79, for third place.

Buckner was outstanding in the Providence game. Going head-to-head with All-America Ernie DiGregorio, Buckner held him to 17 points on seven field goals in 22 shots. Quinn, meanwhile, scored 15 on five field goals in nine shots. He also pulled down eight rebounds and made eight assists, many of them spectacular, as Indiana ended a 22-6 season.

Buckner impressed a number of opposing coaches along the way. After the Hoosiers defeated Michigan early in the season, Wolverine coach John Orr said, "There's no way they could have beat us without Buckner. He shoots, he rebounds and he plays defense. And he just doesn't make mistakes you'd expect a young player to make."

By the end of the season, however, Quinn Buckner was a very tired young man. Between football and basketball, he'd had little time for either studying or relaxing.

"Other people have played two sports," said Buckner in the spring, "so I know it can be done. But I want to sit and think about it."

Buckner did not have too much time to think. Early in the summer, he toured China with a United States All-Star basketball team. Then in August, he was in Moscow for the World University Games. On August 30, a very tired Buckner was back on the Indiana campus. He didn't report for football practice.

But Quinn Buckner just wanted to take a weekend to relax a little. On Labor Day, he reported. ■

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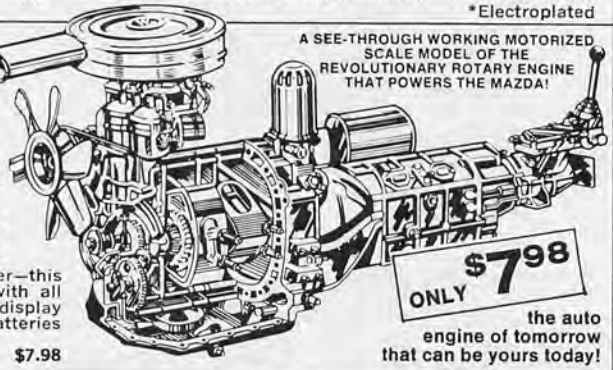

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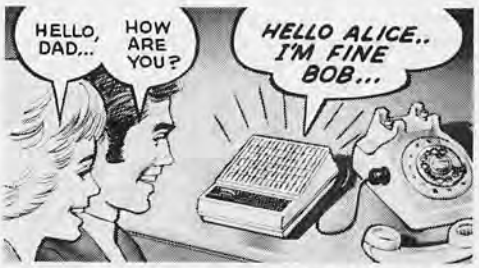

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SPORT
NOVEMBER

BREAKTHROUGH IN PITTSBURGH: Franco Harris & His Italian Army

BY DAVE ANDERSON

"If I were starting a team tomorrow, and had first choice of any runner in pro football to build my backfield around, I'd pick Franco Harris."

—Jim Brown

His father is black, a retired army sergeant. His mother is Italian, small and slender, a World War II bride. Franco Harris himself, six-foot-two and 230 pounds, looks like a young Othello. Indeed, at the age of 23, he leads the Pittsburgh Steelers' legions. Because of him more than any other player, the Steelers are a Super Bowl contender in 1973.

"It is his destiny," his mother says.

His mother is partial. She is also perceptive. Destiny might be the best explanation of Franco Harris' success, beginning with his very presence on the Pittsburgh team. In the 1972 draft, the Steelers intended to select Willie Buchanon, the San Diego State cornerback, as their first choice. They were the 13th team to pick. Green Bay, the seventh team, named Buchanon.

"Damn," said a voice in the Steelers' office.

The Steelers didn't really need a runner. They had John (Frenchy) Fuqua and Preston Pearson, each an established back. But when their turn came, their philosophy of selecting the "best athlete available," at least in their judgment, meant a decision between two running backs, Franco Harris of Penn State and Bob Newhouse of the University of Houston.

"I like Newhouse," somebody said.

"Harris," said Art Rooney, Jr., a Steeler vice-president who had scouted him.

"Newhouse is faster," another said.

"Harris," said Rooney, the son of the team's president, firmly.

In Franco's destiny, the Steelers were the ideal team. Until he galloped for 1055 yards as a rookie, including more than 100 yards in each of six consecutive games to equal an NFL record set by Jim Brown, the Steelers didn't have a leader their frustrated loyalists could identify with. When the Steelers finally won a divisional championship for the first time in their 40 years, Terry Bradshaw was their quarterback, but he wasn't their leader. Bradshaw is too blond and too Louisiana for anybody in Pittsburgh to believe in. He's also a quarterback, a glamor position. Pittsburgh isn't a glamor city. It's never in the travel ads. Nobody

Franco Harris & His Italian Army

CONTINUED

goes there, unless they go there to work. Its people sweat, men in steel mills and factories with dirty clothes and dirty hands. Quarterbacks don't get dirty enough. Even when the Steelers had Bobby Layne at quarterback several years ago, John Henry Johnson and Tom (The Bomb) Tracy were the players the steelworkers and the factory guys identified with. They were running backs. They got dirty. So did Franco Harris.

In Franco's destiny, the ethnic neighborhoods of Pittsburgh provided the ideal setting. With his black-and-Italian ancestry, he united the neighborhoods, *all* the neighborhoods. He inspired the birth of Franco's Italian Army, a group of fanatic followers, and he became the army's generalissimo.

And in Franco's destiny, The Play that would make him famous occurred on the ideal stage, the screens of TV sets throughout the nation in an NFL playoff game. The scenario was ideal, too. The Steelers appeared defeated. With only 22 seconds remaining, they were losing to the Oakland Raiders, 7-6, and they were desperate. They were on their own 40-yard line. Fourth and ten.

"Sixty-six out and L," Bradshaw called in the huddle.

Typical of his destiny, The Play wasn't designed for Franco Harris to do anything but block.

In their Mt. Holly, New Jersey, home, Franco's father, mother and several of his eight brothers and sisters were staring quietly at their TV screen. "Nobody was saying anything," his mother recalls. "I knew Franco's team was losing. I got out my Blessed Mother and began to pray."

At the snap, Bradshaw moved back to pass, but Barry Pearson, his primary receiver, was unable to get open. Pressured, Bradshaw scrambled. When he saw the quarterback moving out of the pocket, Franco instinctively ran upfield just in case Bradshaw had nobody else to throw to.

In their seats at Three Rivers Stadium, the organizers of Franco's Italian Army were frantic. One of them waved a malocchio, *a small red horn with a tiny ivory figure of a hunchback inside it, a device of Italian sorcery.*

Pearson remained covered, but Frenchy Fuqua appeared to Bradshaw to be open. The quarterback threw. The ball, Fuqua and a Raider safetyman, Jack Tatum, collided at the Raiders' 35-yard line. The ball richocheted back about seven yards to the 42 where Franco Harris, running upfield, caught it below his knees. He kept running to score the winning touchdown with five seconds remaining for a 13-7 victory that put the Steelers into the AFC championship game.

In her Mt. Holly home, his mother blessed herself. In the stadium, the malocchio *was waved in triumph.*

Franco Harris doesn't get excited too often. But he was excited then. He was jumping and waving his arms and hurrying through the excited spectators who had run onto the field.

Instead of staying in Pittsburgh that night, Franco drove to the Greater Pittsburgh Airport where, inside the terminal, a strange confrontation occurred. With time to kill before his flight, he strolled alone into the terminal bar. Instantly, he realized that several Raiders were there.

"Nothing was said," he recalls. "But even in the darkness, I could feel their eyes on me. It made me feel like I stole their game. I guess I had, and it made me feel a little guilty. But not for long."

One of the Raiders, wide receiver Mike Siani, eventually came over. He and Franco had been together on the College All-Star squad. But soon Siani departed with his teammates. Their chartered jet to Oakland was ready. Not long after that, Franco Harris strolled toward the gate for his flight to Philadelphia that Saturday night. Monday would be Christmas and he didn't have to be back for practice until Tuesday morning. He was going home to be with his family.

The Harrises live in southern New Jersey, in a town called Mount Holly. The name seems appropriate. Old trees shade old homes, some of which date back to the Revolutionary War.

The Harrises live next to Rancocas Valley High School, in a two-story brick home perched above a shaded street.

Inside, relaxing on a couch in the carpeted living room one day not long ago, Cad Harris was watching the screen of the color TV console. "I just got off work," he said.

On the pocket of his white shirt was a military identification tag with "C. Harris" and below, in smaller letters, "Food Service." Franco's father is a supervisor in Walson General Hospital at nearby Fort Dix.

"It's an Army hospital, but I'm retired from the Army now," he said. "I did 21 years."

He entered the Army during World War II, a tall husky teenager who had grown up near Jackson, Mississippi, where his father labored on roads and farms before moving his ten children to Chicago.

"I never played much football," he was saying now, smiling. "Too rough for me."

In the Army, he sent much of his

pay home. One day he received a letter asking what the family should do with the money.

"Use it," Cad Harris wrote back. "I don't know if I'll ever get home alive to use it, so you use it."

At the time, he was a supply sergeant in Italy, helping to chase the Nazis north through Naples and Rome and then through Pisa, where the leaning tower is.

"That's where I met this guy," Gina Harris said, glancing at her husband. "At a dance when I was 17."

The complexion of her small face appears to be as smooth now as it must have been then. Framed by long black hair, her brown eyes peer out from deep beneath her forehead. When she speaks in her thick Italian acent, she uses her hands expressively.

"Whatever I have in my heart, I say it," she said. "You take it or leave it."

Her fiery manner resembles that of the Italian actresses. Anna Magnani perhaps.

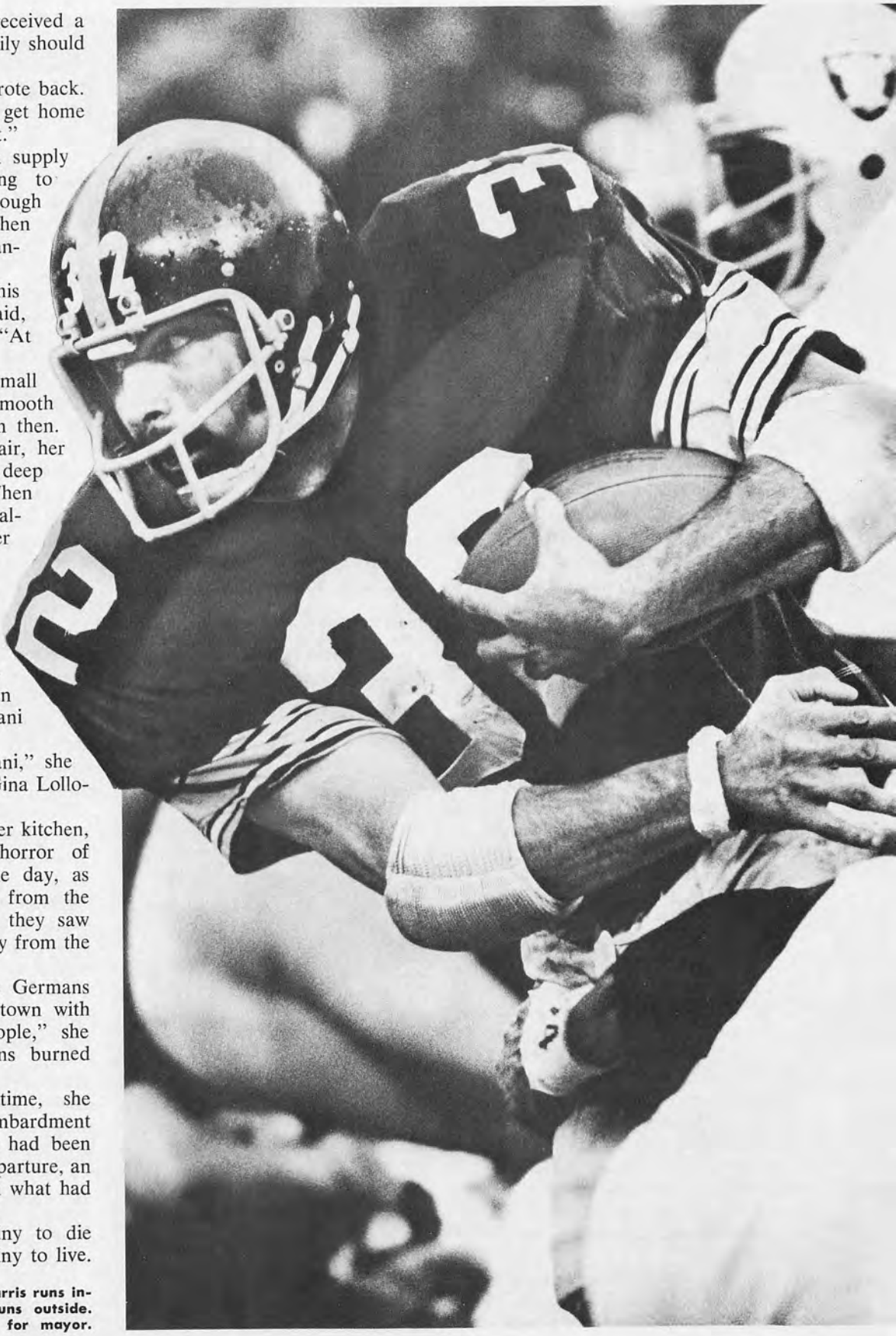
"No, not Anna Magnani," she said. "I want to be like Gina Lollobrigida. She has style."

Later, in the quiet of her kitchen, she talked about the horror of World War II. How one day, as she and her father hid from the Nazis in the mountains, they saw smoke curling into the sky from the next town.

"We learned later the Germans killed everybody in the town with machine guns, 600 people," she said. "Then the Germans burned the bodies."

And how, another time, she had fled during a bombardment from a home where she had been staying. Soon after her departure, an artillery shell exploded in what had been her bedroom.

"It was not my destiny to die that day. It was my destiny to live.



Pittsburgh fans love when Harris runs inside. They love when he runs outside. They'd love him if he ran for mayor.

Franco Harris & His Italian Army

CONTINUED

I believe in the destiny. The destiny is there for everybody."

Her destiny was to marry the American supply sergeant in Pisa and return to the United States with him in 1947 as a war bride.

"My family like this guy better than they like me," she said. "But his family, I don't know about them."

"My family liked you," he said. "My sister-in-law didn't like you, but my father did, everybody else did. I think I was one of the first colored soldiers to come back with an Italian wife, but we didn't have any racial problems. Never did. Anybody who doesn't like me, I don't need them. I'm easy-going. It's hard to make me mad."

"I don't get excited, too," Gina said.

Her husband glanced at her and smiled.

In the years when Franco was growing up, his family lived in Mount Holly Gardens, an apartment project.

"We were one of the first black families to move in there," Franco was saying in the Eastwood Inn, a suburban Pittsburgh restaurant. "But near an Army base like that, there were a lot of mixed marriages. Soldiers began moving in with wives from Europe and the Orient. By the time I was about 12, the whole project was black. My mom comes from a strong Italian atmosphere, she cooked a lot of spaghetti, but I grew up in a black atmosphere. I considered myself a black."

But he has a taste for Italian food. He was devouring a platter of antipasto.

"My mom never made antipasto," he said. "She didn't like to cook that much. We had lasagna on holidays, but she didn't like to slave in the kitchen all day long. I don't blame her. With nine kids, cooking can be an all-day job."

With nine kids, Franco worked whenever he could. He shined shoes at Fort Dix, and bagged groceries in the commissary there. But when he was smaller, he first experienced the exhilaration of running.

"We used to run every night on the street outside our apartment," he said. "There were cracks in the pavement, maybe 50 yards away. We just raced to those cracks all night long. It seemed like we never got tired. And we played hide and seek. We were always running."

Harris dominates the scene with the awesome presence of Othello and dominates a game with the power of Attila the Hun.

Soon he was running with a football at Holbein Junior High, then at Rancocas Valley High. In his first varsity game, he went 84 yards for a touchdown. As a junior he scored 20 touchdowns in an undefeated season.

"We didn't keep individual yardage, I don't believe in it," says Bill Gordon, his high-school coach. "But in our big game that year against Kennedy High, he was as emotionally excited as I've ever seen him. He was jumping around and shouting, he really was up. And he scored three touchdowns from over 40 yards."

Franco was listed as a schoolboy All-America that season. But as a senior, a sprained ankle slowed him.

"The colleges remembered him," Gordon says. "There were quite a few after him, and he visited nine of them. Penn State, of course, and Notre Dame, Ohio State, Michigan, Syracuse, Cornell and a few others. He told a couple schools he wouldn't come unless they invited a couple of his teammates on the trip, too. So they all went. He's a thoughtful young man. He was really popular here."

Popular with his classmates. But not always with some parents of white coeds.

At a party once of more than a dozen classmates at the home of Marjorie Freeman, the daughter of the editor and publisher of the Burlington *Herald,* the mothers of two white coeds suddenly appeared. With a sneer at Franco's skin, they took their daughters home.

"He took it passively, like he seems to take everything," Al Freeman recalls. "Later on, he was the only one of the kids who stayed around to clean up."

"I wasn't aware of it," Franco says now. "I remember the mothers coming, but I didn't know why. Generally speaking, Mount Holly is a nice community."

He's quiet and passive, but he can be obstinate, too. One year at Rancocas Valley, he ignored the be-

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Franco Harris & His Italian Army

CONTINUED

ginning of football practice because classes wouldn't start for another week. Bill Gordon stopped by the Harris home.

"If you're not at practice tomorrow," the coach said, "you can forget about football. Be there for the morning workout."

The next morning, Franco slept late. But he showed up for the afternoon workout, and all the workouts thereafter. In his senior year at Penn State, he had a similar practice incident with Joe Paterno when he was late for a Cotton Bowl workout.

"Don't be late tomorrow," Paterno snapped, "or I'll put you in a green shirt."

He was late by only a few minutes, but that was enough for Paterno to drop him from the starting unit.

"He didn't sulk about it, he didn't pout," Paterno says now. "He knew he was late."

In three seasons at Penn State, he ran for 2002 yards and scored 24 touchdowns. Spectacular. Until the statistics of his teammate, Lydell Mitchell, are examined—2934 yards and 41 touchdowns. As a senior, Mitchell ran for 1567 yards and set three major-college records with 174 points, 29 touchdowns and 26 rushing touchdowns.

As a senior, Franco felt that he didn't always run with the football as often as he should've.

"It was nothing between me and Lydell," he says. "I really like him. We were close. We've remained close. I think he should've gotten more recognition than he did. He got All-America, but he should've got the Heisman Trophy for the season he had.

"I just think I should've run the ball more in some games," Franco says. "I like Joe Paterno, man to man. We had a good relationship. But the player-coach relationship just isn't going to be *close*. The coach has the power. You have to do what he wants to do."

"You have to understand the drama behind the problem," Paterno says. "Their senior year we felt that Franco and Lydell were the best inside-outside combination in college football since Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis were at Army nearly 30 years ago."

In the season opener, Mitchell scored four touchdowns. The next game, Harris scored four touchdowns.

"But then Franco pulled a hamstring," Paterno says. "The next few games, Lydell carried us and when Franco returned, we felt an obligation to Lydell to try to get him the Heisman."

Mitchell finished fifth in the Heisman vote, while Franco was virtually ignored. But the NFL teams knew him.

"I heard I'd be the first running back picked," he says, "but I was just hoping to go somewhere in the first round. When the Steelers took me, I wasn't really happy about it. They'd never won."

He changed that image. But not immediately. Fuqua and Pearson were the Steeler running backs, but in the season opener against the Raiders, Harris was inserted when Pearson got hurt.

"It really shocked me," he says. "I learned that the pre-season and the real season are two different things. How, for that money, they really were playing. How much a faster pace everything was. They hit harder. They moved quicker. I wasn't mentally ready for it. I had ten carries for 28 yards. In the pre-season I'd broken a good one here and there. But now just everything, man, was shut off. The second game, Preston was still hurt. I started in Cincinnati and I had the worst game of my life. Fumbled twice, 13 carries for 35 yards. They scored after one fumble. Worst game of my life."

The coaches agreed. He didn't carry at all in St. Louis the next week, only three times in Dallas the following week.

"Against the Oilers in the fourth game, Preston got hurt again," he recalls. "I told myself just to go at them. No dancing around. Go straight and go hard. If nothing's there, make something."

He made 115 yards, but the next week, he ran for only 27 against the New England Patriots, in 11 carries.

"I realized I was doing the same thing I'd been doing before," he says. "It really made me mad—at myself."

Then the streak of 100-yard games began—138 at Buffalo, 101 against the Bengals, 134 against the Chiefs, 136 at Cleveland, 128 against the Vikings, 102 against the Browns. And the Steelers were winning. He was the symbol of success for the steelworkers and the factory guys who had suffered for so long. And for a baker, too. During the 100-yard streak, Franco was approached one day by Rocky LoCascio, a Three Rivers Stadium security guard.

"He told me," Franco recalls, "about a guy named Tony Stagno who owned a big bakery in a mixed neighborhood, Italians and blacks, and how Tony and his friends wanted to have a Franco's Italian Army for the fans. I said, 'Fine, go ahead.' I didn't know exactly what he meant. I didn't think any more of it until I saw the sign."

At the next home game, it was difficult to think of anything else. The big banner proclaimed "Franco's Italian Army" and there were grown men wearing helmets and waving little red-white-and-green Italian flags. They were chewing salami and bread and provolone cheese and eggplant. But more than

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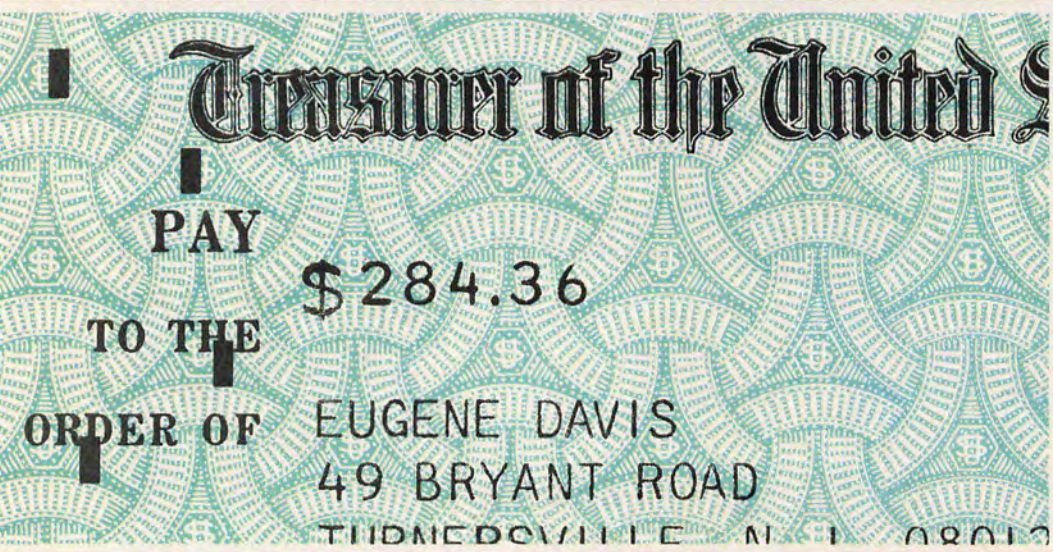

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Franco Harris & His Italian Army

CONTINUED

anything else, they were cheering and yelling not only for Franco, but for the Steelers as a team. In other years, the Steelers often were pelted with garbage. But now the cheering and yelling of Franco's Italian Army was contagious.

"It really caught on," Franco says. "The situation got bigger and bigger. The people took it the right way. Tony's a helluva guy. Al Vento is the same way. The two of them would do anything for anybody. The thing I like about it is that none of them tried to capitalize on it. That's the way Tony is. It can really be a good thing, if people don't try to take advantage of it."

Tony, 35, a big man whose torso looks as if it had been stuffed with Italian bread, explained the army's origin:

"Early last season, one of the guys at the game said to me, 'It'd take an army to move this crowd,' and I said, 'Then we'll be the army.' That was before Franco started to roll, but when he did, we figured we'll be Franco's Italian Army, because we're Italian, not because he's part Italian."

He was sitting in the office of his bakery. With him was Al Vento, who owns a nearby pizza and sandwich shop.

"Franco's our five-star general, Tony's got four stars, I got three," the pizza man said. "I bring the sandwiches to the game—30, 40 hoagies. When me and Tony flew out to Palm Springs to induct Frank Sinatra, I brought four bottles of $2 wine with me for the ceremony. When we get there, Sinatra has his own wine, $35 a bottle. I told him 'Throw it away, you got to drink our wine or it don't count.' He laughed. He loved it."

Nobody has to be drafted into Franco's Italian Army; each member is a volunteer. And now there are thousands of troops, each looking for the generalissimo to continue running as he did last year. The thing to remember about his potential is that 739 of his 1055 yards were accumulated in his six-game streak, less than *half* the season.

"There's no telling what he'll do this year," Joe Greene says. "Last year it was all new to him and look what he did. And when things got rough, he got better. He almost always got most of his yardage in the second half."

"What makes Franco such a great runner is his vision," says Dick Hoak, the Steelers' backfield coach, once an NFL runner himself. "When he's running, it seems like he sees everybody around him. Even if he's looking one way, he seems to be able to *feel* somebody coming in from his blind side, or even coming up behind him. Tremendous vision."

Franco's Italian Army has its own tremendous vision—of Franco Harris leading the Steelers to their first Super Bowl. ■

Franco was half Italian and half black when he arrived in Pittsburgh. Now every group claims he's one of theirs.

740 POUNDS OF SOLID SELMONS

BY BILL CONNORS

The biggest brother act in the country right now is not The Osmonds or even The Jackson Five. The biggest brother act is The Selmons Three—Lucious, LeRoy and Dewey. The Selmons are 740 pounds big, which breaks down to 247 pounds apiece.

Of course, The Selmons are not exactly in the same tradition as The Osmonds or The Jackson Five. The Osmonds and The Jacksons entertain people. The Selmons are in the great tradition of The Hotts: They frighten people.

The modern generation, unfortunately, never thinks about The Hotts. As a matter of fact, the older generation never thinks about The Hotts, either. The Hotts were named Sabert, Oliver and Willis, and in 1913, they played football for the University of Oklahoma. They drifted into obscurity a few hours later.

The Selmons play football for the University of Oklahoma in 1973, and they would prefer to drift into professional football, hopefully side by side. Which is where they play.

Lucious, LeRoy and Dewey play interior defensive line for Oklahoma. They *are* the interior defensive line for Oklahoma. Lucious is a middle guard, LeRoy and Dewey tackles. Their act broke up for a while earlier this year, when LeRoy was sidelined by a viral infection of the sac surrounding his heart, but, unlike the Beatles, the Selmons' breakup was expected to be only temporary.

Unlike the Beatles, too, the Selmons are the short-haired, modest, church-going sons of very religious parents. They were raised on a farm seven miles west of Eufaula, a northeastern Oklahoma town whose population is 2500. Their father, Lucious Sr., has been disabled by a stroke for as long as the boys can remember; they are the three youngest of nine children.

Unlike The Hotts, The Selmons are black, and for many years that alone would have been enough to disqualify them from playing for Oklahoma. But 15 years ago, a halfback named Prentice Gautt broke the color barrier at O.U. In his sophomore season, Gautt saved Oklahoma's 6-0 victory over Oregon by tackling Willie West of Oregon after West had run 53 yards and had broken into the clear. In the locker room after the game, an Oklahoma oilman walked up to the Sooners' coach, Bud Wilkinson, and said, "Hey, Bud, how do you like the way *our* colored boy tackled *their* nigger?"

No oilman in his right mind would say anything like that these days, at least not within earshot of one or more of the Selmons—especially since the Selmons may well be the key to Oklahoma's football success in 1973. In recent years, the Sooners have survived and sometimes flourished in the Big Seven mostly because of offensive talent. The power running of Steve Owens, the wishbone quarterbacking of Jack Mildren and the speed of Greg Pruitt characterized the team. But graduation and suspensions (the result of recruiting violations) have stripped the Sooners of their entire 1972 starting backfield. Now the heart of the team is defense, and the heart of the defense is the Selmons.

Lucious, the oldest, has played middle guard regularly for the past two years, and he might have gained national recognition except for one fact: A fellow named Rich Glover was playing middle guard at rival Nebraska. But now Glover has graduated, and Lucious, five-foot-11, 233 pounds and 4.8 speed for 40 yards, has his sophmore brothers to help him with publicity.

Both the younger Selmons have outgrown their big brother. Dewey is six-foot-two and 245 pounds, with 4.9 speed. LeRoy is six-foot-three and 262 pounds, with speed to match Dewey's; that combination of size and speed makes LeRoy the best pro prospect of the three.

Barry Switzer, who took over as Oklahoma's head coach this year, knows that his prize trio will win a lot of attention this fall. "But I bet," Switzer says, "offensive coaches and players who have to try and block them will think the most unique thing about the Selmons is their ability—not their name.

"They would be a heckuva line if they were 740 pounds of Smith, Brown and Jones." ■

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WHAT HAS FOUR HEADS, EIGHT ARMS, EIGHT LEGS, & PLAYS FOR GREEN BAY?

BY DON KOWET

Dan Devine became head coach of the Green Bay Packers in 1971, and in the first game of his first season, an opposing player rolled off the field, plowed into him and broke Devine's leg. The rest of the year was worse. By Christmas, Devine's leg had healed, but his pride needed surgery. The Packers had a 4-8-2 record, their poorest since 1958, the final year B.L., Before Lombardi.

It didn't take a specialist to diagnose Devine's second injury, the one that wounded his ego. What hurt was that in 1971 only four of the 13 teams in the National Football Conference scored more points than the Packers, *but only three surrendered more points.*

If the entire Green Bay defense was suspect, the defensive secondary was downright guilty. The foursome of Willie Wood, Doug Hart, Ken Ellis and Al Matthews permitted 21 touchdown passes, the second-highest total in the NFL.

Before Devine could do something drastic about the defensive backfield, half of it did something drastic about themselves. Wood retired, and so did Hart; that took care of the safeties. Devine took care of the rest. He switched his right cornerback, Matthews, to strong safety, and switched his left cornerback, Ellis, to right cornerback. He sent defensive end Lionel Aldridge to San Diego in exchange for a free safety, Jim Hill, and installed the Packers' top draft choice, Willie Buchanon, at left cornerback. Suddenly, Green Bay had an all-new secondary alignment in 1972.

Still, when the season opened, Packer backers had every reason to distrust the new defensive backfield. After all, Ellis and Matthews, at different posts, had helped form the 1971 sieve, Hill was a refugee from a San Diego secondary that wasn't much better than the Packers in 1971, and Buchanon was only a rookie. Rookie cornerbacks in the NFL resemble moths—in their mutual urge to get burned.

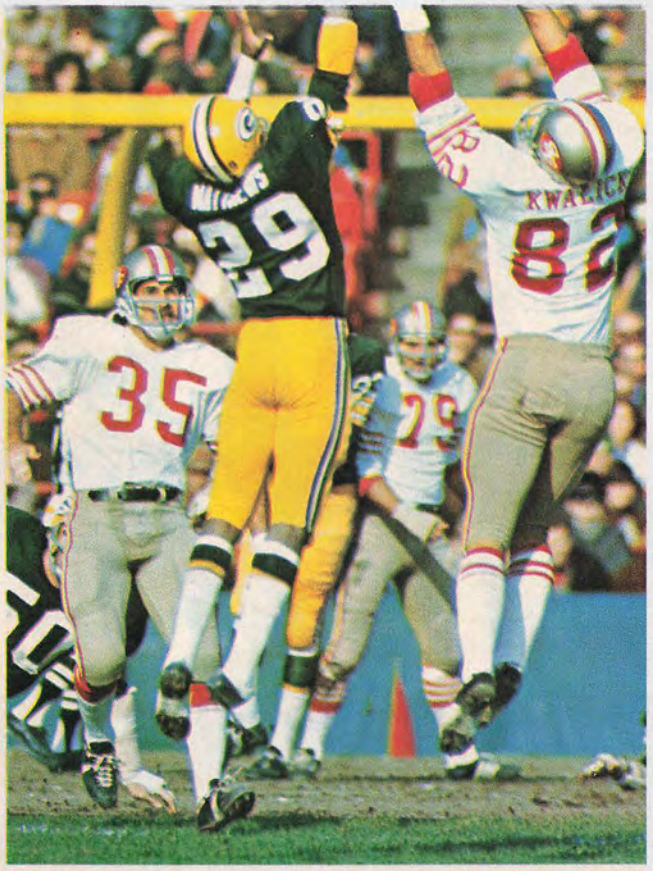
But a funny thing happened to the Packers on their way to a 10-4 record and the Central Division championship: Their makeshift secondary turned into an almost foolproof bomb shelter. Ellis, Matthews, Hill and Buchanon allowed only seven touchdown passes all season, the lowest total in pro football. Only one NFC team, the Washington Redskins, permitted fewer points than the Packers.

If Dan Devine had broken his other leg, he could not have been more surprised. "We thought they'd be ready in a couple of years," Devine said of his defensive backfield. "*They* decided they'd be ready now."

Don Doll is the defensive backfield coach of the Green Bay Packers. He looks like a high-school

The Packers' secondary has become adroit at conversing on football together and converging on a football together.

ELLIS
18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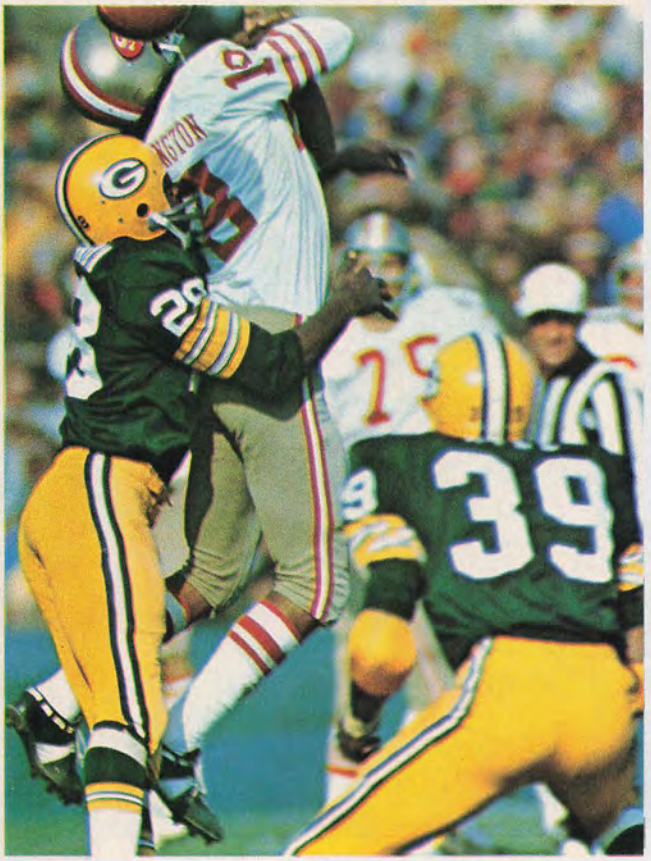
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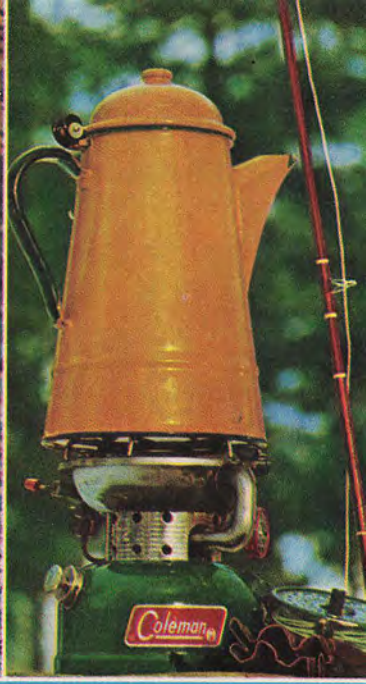

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EIGHT ARMS EIGHT LEGS

CONTINUED

gym teacher. He's small, wiry, with a sprightly gait and chiseled features. His hair is gray and growing grayer. Every day.

"You're going to interview my boys together?" Doll said, as we crossed the campus of St. Norbert's College, the Packer training base, on our way to the dining hall. "I'd like to hear those tapes, I really would." His tone was jovial, his expression worried.

We found one of the foursome eating lunch—Jim Hill, the free safety. Hill is the tallest of the quartet, at six-foot-two, and the oldest, at 26.

"Hey, Jim, how come the other guys aren't with you?" said Doll. "Where are the other guys?"

Hill did a double-take, as if he were genuinely surprised and concerned that the other three were missing. "Gee, coach," he said, "I don't know. The other guys? Let's see. . . ." Abruptly, he stood up. "Now I remember, coach, now I remember." Grinning wildly, Hill yanked a key ring out of his left pocket. "Here's Ken," he announced. He pulled out his wallet, waved it in our faces and said, "Here's Al." Then he furrowed his brow. "Where is that damn Willie?" Hill moaned. He turned his pockets inside out. He cupped his hand over his mouth and then yelled down into his shirt pocket: "Willie! Willie Buchanon! Coach Don Doll is looking for you!"

Doll managed a weak smile. His hair turned a shade grayer.

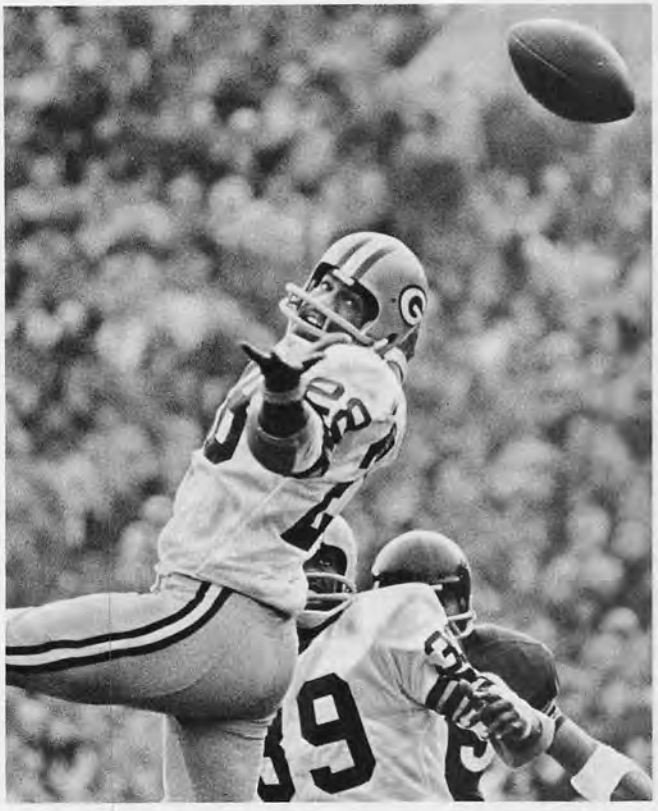
"Through some weird luck," says Don Doll, "these four guys hit it off like no group I've ever seen. They became instant friends, deep friends, real buddies. On or off the field, when they're together, they become one person with four heads, eight arms and eight legs.

"They want to be loose. We try to be tolerant."

One thing Dan Devine will not tolerate is swearing—on the field or at team meetings. As a devoted Dan Devine disciple, Don Doll duns deep defenders a quarter each time they curse. Doll carries a little black box in which he hoards the money he collects. Doll's maneuver has had an effect on his secondary corps.

"We make sure we carry plenty of change," says Jim Hill. "The black box? We don't give a ——."

Finally, the group interview was set, in Hill's room, in early evening. The four defensive backs escorted me across the campus, Hill



Cornerbacks Buchanon (left) and Ellis are equally astute as ballhawks—they each intercepted four passes last season.

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EIGHT ARMS EIGHT LEGS

CONTINUED

in front, Ken Ellis in back, Willie Buchanon and Al Matthews on the flanks. Some scene: Four athletes and a reformed social worker.

We passed a group of Packers who had formed their own circle, entrapping a tree. One of them was throwing grapes in the air, trying to lure a squirrel from its perch.

Ellis looked at the squirrel. "Hey," he yelled, "we captured something much better."

We reached Hill's room, crowded in, then spent several minutes filling up on Motown sounds. "Uh, fellas," I said, "don't you think we should get started?"

"Oh, sure . . . yes . . . of course . . . anything the man says."

They cut the music.

"What do you do during the off-season?" I asked Ellis.

Ellis looked at his mates. "Well . . . uh . . . I work for the Baton Rouge police department. In community relations."

"Is *that* what they call it?" Al Matthews said.

"He's really a streetwalker," Willie Buchanon suggested.

"He works on the vice squad," Matthews said.

"He's the cheapest one on the block!" Jim Hill shouted.

The four of them roared.

"Hey," Ellis prodded, "ask Matthews what he does off-season."

"Yeah," Buchanon and Hill echoed. "Ask Matthews."

"Well," Matthews began in a slow Texas drawl, "y'see, ah work foh Darrel Royal, as an assistant coach at the U. of Texas. . . ."

The rest of his sentence was smothered by moans and groans from three-fourths of his audience.

"How did you get the job with Royal?" I asked, trying to inject some sanity into the interview.

Everyone but Matthews yelled at once: "Hey, that's what *we* want to know. . . ."

"They had a quota to fill," Buchanon shouted.

When everyone, including Matthews, calmed down, Al said, "Well, really, ah've known Coach Royal since. . . ." He never finished. The other three erupted again.

I decided to begin all over. "Willie," I said, "where were you born?" I figured there wasn't much they could do with *that* lead.

"I was born in Oceanside, California," Buchanan replied. "Just outside of L.A. . . ."

"Oh, no you don't, cat," Ellis interrupted. "We're not talkin' 'bout where you got *started*. We're talkin'

'bout where you were *born*. Ain't no black man actually ever been *born* in L.A. or Chicago or New York, you know that."

Willie looked at his teammates and began to laugh. "Egypt," he said softly.

"Where?" I asked.

"Egypt," he said. "Egypt, Alabama."

Individually, Buchanon, Ellis, Matthews and Hill project four distinct personalities. Jim Hill, the most glib, has a B.A. from Texas A&I in TV and radio broadcasting. During the season, he has a weekly TV show in Green Bay; offseason, he does the six p.m. sports report for a TV station in San Diego. Willie Buchanon, the youngest at 23, is completing a master's degree in education at San Diego State. Ken Ellis spends his offseason in Baton Rouge, talking to youth groups about drugs. ("I don't tell them what to do," he says. "I tell them what *I* do.") Al Matthews also has a B.A. from Texas A&I. He's the first black coach ever hired by the University of Texas.

One factor that helped fuse these four men together—combined with their blackness and their youth—was Green Bay itself. "Look," says Buchanon, "Green Bay is small, a town of 88,000 people. When I came up here, they told me there were five black families in town. I'm still looking for them. To be black and to be in Green Bay means one of three things: You're in the service, you're going to school, or you're playing football. When you're this visible, you tend to cling to football more. White or black, it doesn't matter. You run with the guys in your unit."

The four also share a common economic background. Jim Hill sums it up best: "You've heard about the dead-end street? Well, I lived at the *end* of the dead-end street."

As soon as Hill joined the Packers, before the start of the 1972 season, Dan Devine told him that he was the first-string free safety, that the unit would average 24 years of age and that the younger men would look to him for leadership. "Al and I had played together at Texas A&I," Hill says, "and I knew he was a damn good football player. Kenny had a solid reputation around the league. The only one I didn't know much about was Willie."

Buchanon had been an All-America defensive back at San Diego State. His coach, Don Coryell, now head coach of the St. Louis Cardinals, had taught his players a pro-style defense.

"The first day Willie got to camp, we got out on the field," Hill recalls. "The first thing this kid says to me, before he even says hello, he says: 'Where's my help coming from?' Right then and there, I knew we were gonna be good."

The first Detroit game in 1972 was the turning point for the Packers. With the Packers losing late in the second half, Ellis took a punt at his own 20 and sprinted 80 yards for a touchdown. The Packers went

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EIGHT ARMS EIGHT LEGS

CONTINUED

on to win. Later, in another victory over Detroit, Ellis made two interceptions and recovered a pair of fumbles, despite the fact he was playing against doctors' orders, with a severely separated shoulder.

As the season progressed, the whole Packer secondary built itself a reputation. Buchanon was called the best hitter among cornerbacks in the NFC. Hill became known as the traffic cop, calling out defensive formations and hints. Matthews earned recognition as a brutal tackler. Everyone began to notice the unit's speed (Buchanon has run a 9.4 hundred, Hill and Ellis have been timed in 9.5), its youth, its rare ability to anticipate each other's moves and help each other out. By the end of the season, Buchanon was the defensive Rookie of the Year, and Ellis made several All-Pro squads.

Still, the four men, almost in unison, downgrade their own value. They attribute their success to the tremendous rush of the defensive front four, to the help they get from their linebackers—and to the defensive backfield coach, Don Doll.

Buchanon says, "My backfield coach at San Diego State, Ernie Zampesi, he was a replica of Don Doll. You know, we kid Doll, but we have a strong relationship with him. He understands us. He knows we want to win, but that we want to have fun doing it. Very few coaches have Don's mentality. He gets us to produce by allowing us to have fun."

"But we know what will happen the first time we have a bad game," says Al Matthews. "We're prepared for it. The sound of an axe falling."

"We need a name, that's what we need," Ken Ellis decided.

"Soul Patrol," said Willie Buchanon.

"Nah, New Orleans used that," said Jim Hill.

"The Renegades," Al Matthews offered.

"The Rat Pack," said Ellis.

The debate ended in a draw.

A couple of days later, Jim Hill walked up to me. "Hey," he said, "I came up with a good name."

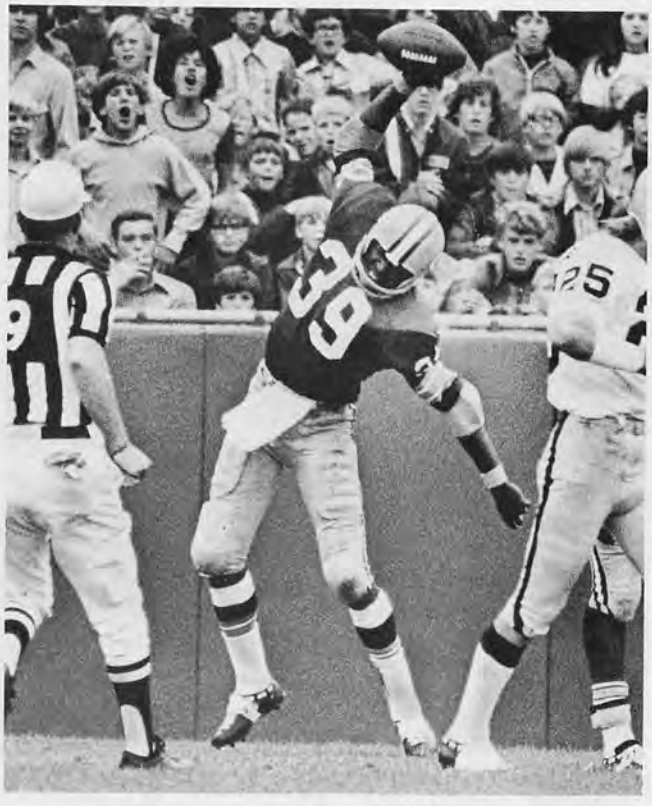
"A name?" I said. I had forgotten the earlier conversation.

"A name, a name for the unit," he replied. "One that gives credit where credit's due. A name that tells who did what for who."

"Okay," I said. "What is it?"

He said, "Just call us 'The Jim Hill.' "

I didn't have the guts to counter with "Doll's Babies." ■



Safeties Matthews (left) and Hill first combined their pass coverage techniques as college teammates at Texas A.&I.

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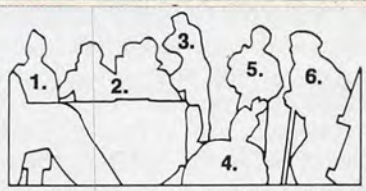

Even at the firemen's parade, everyone seems to have a gimmick—almost everyone. Pick the one who doesn't.

1. Sorry. Meet "Clean Ed" Mealmangel, discount diner owner. Gimmick: Leaves his thumb print in mashed potatoes. Smokes ABL's "Any Brand Left" in the ash trays. **2.** No. And no. Tex'n'Tilly, icky-poo radio-TV personalities. Gimmick: If it moves, interview it. They once even used a stethoscope to talk to a mole. **3.** Jerry Jibroni. Spends so much time setting up, he never sees parade. Smokes cigarettes so super-long he almost needs binoculars to light them. **4.** He's Tom Thump. His bass drum really is a gimmick: Can't stand the noise, but he likes to wear it. Puts cotton in his ears and in his cigarette filters. **5.** Right. He enjoys the passing parade, without any gimmicks. That's why he smokes Camel Filters. They're good tasting, easy and honest. His kind of cigarette. **6.** He's "Sweeps" Streate. Hopes mounted police won't parade. But they always do.

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REQUIEM FOR THE GIANTS, NOT SO DEARLY DEPARTED

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

Kids in the late summer sun, suburban kids, New Jersey kids, in sneakers and T-shirts, the department-store stencil saying the shirt really belongs to a big-college athletic department, holding cans of Pepsi-Cola that become warm in the afternoon heat, each swallow running right to the nose. In New York City, a Puerto Rican kid knows enough to keep his soda can inside a brown paper bag for insulation. They don't know things like that in suburban New Jersey. There in the parking lot by the dressing room entrance at Monmouth College, the kids stand with their parents and wait for the Giants football players to arrive for practice. In the afternoon sun, the light hair of the kids gives off a glare nearly as strong as the station wagon windshields around them.

A car pulls into the parking lot. Sneakers beat across the asphalt. Norman Snead comes out of his air-conditioned front seat into the hot sun and a puddle of paper to autograph. I had forgotten that Norm Snead plays for the Giants football team. I still think of Norm Snead as the Washington Redskins' quarterback. Once Norm Snead sent his practice football helmet to Attica prison in upstate New York. My main man at that time, Mr. J. R., wore Norman Snead's helmet proudly as he quarterbacked the D Block team through a series of dumped games. Mr. J. R. said that he hoped that "they don't put Snead in as an accessory." That was ten years ago. D Block in Attica had a George Raft and Jimmy Cagney tinge to it. Long before Attica went public.

More cars pulled into the lot now and the sneakers continually beat across the parking lot while the parents, middles and behinds bulging against shorts, stayed back and beamed. A gold Cadillac pulled up, and two black players rose into white suburban adulation. The player driving the car had a white cream hat pulled down over his eyes. The player getting out of the passenger side was Ron Johnson. He is the big ground-gainer for the team. Johnson was in a T-shirt and denims. If the two of them, Johnson and this other guy, the one with the hat pulled down over his eyes, were to get out of their gold Cadillac car on the same street where some of these kids live, the first squad car would be there inside five minutes. But because it is pro football, our religion, Super Bowl, Pope Pius XIII, the white kids touched and patted and purred to Ron Johnson, and Johnson kept walking and shaking his head. "No autographin' today."

"Aw, please, please, Mr. Johnson, just sign this one."

"Said there'd be no autographin'."

A woman with a big rear end turned to her husband. The husband had a pot belly and a fat head inside a country-club-fool straw hat. "Larry, why don't you ask him? He'd do it for you."

"He looks like a nice guy," the husband said. He walked toward Johnson, pausing to take a pad and pencil out of the hands of a kid, his son, and then the man pushed his pot belly through the circle of kids and held out the pad and pencil to Johnson, and Johnson shook his head and kept walking.

"Probably wants to concentrate," the father said when he came back. "This is a game where you got to

With Norm Snead and Randy Johnson (above) passing and Ron Johnson running, the Giants will win, but not for NYC.

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DEPARTED

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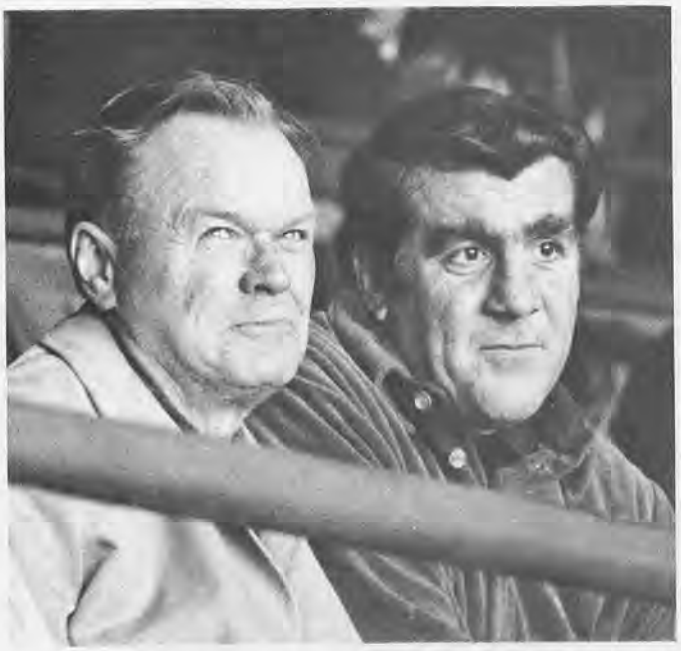
use your head just as much as you use your body. Got to be mentally tough."

I went over to the stands and sat down. Practice was to start in a few minutes. It was going to be the last look I was going to take, forever, at the Giants football team. Notice I say plain "Giants," not New York Giants. The Giants lost their right to any identification the day the owner of the team, the great Wellington Mara, God bless the father who went before him and left him everything he has, told Dick Aurelio and John Lindsay at City Hall, New York City, that, and I quote Mr. Mara properly, "Our fans don't like going into a neighborhood where all those people live. I don't think we ever should build another stadium in a neighborhood where people like that live. Nobody will go to games in a stadium right in the middle of a place where all those people live. Of course, I don't have any part of this. But it is the way our fans think."

And Dick Aurelio and John Lindsay said, "Sure, of course *you* don't think that way. We believe you."

Wellington Mara took his football Giants franchise to New Jersey where he had cultivated political friends. His best political friends got busted for trying to steal the southern tier of the state. Man's name is McCrane. A West Point product. Duty, honor, too bad you got caught, Joe. Docket number 1476589. But Mara will live on in New Jersey, even if his man is on the inside. The schedule says that the Giants are going to play two games in New York this year. Then they are going to play the next five games at the Yale Bowl. They will practice at Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City. As Roosevelt Stadium is so close to a black slum that you can feel it, the Giants' management says it wants the practice sessions closed to the public at Roosevelt Stadium.

When the Giants play in New York, I will not watch them. Nor will I read about them. I care not for how many games they win and how great the games are. I am of the City of New York. I earn my money there and I spend my money there. It is a hard place to live. Some people think it is a ferocious place to live. It is dirty and crowded and costly and tiring and it is the only place in the country worth talking about to work in and live in. I have time and taste no more for people who leave the City and come into it only to use it each morning, get money out of it, amounts of money which could not be earned in any other place in the world, and then late in the day these people run from the City.



Owner Wellington Mara, with coach Alex Webster, finds it hard to let go of his old ballplayers, but not his old ballpark.

And I can only despise somebody who moves out a football team which lived off the City for decades. These people like Mara seem to feel a football team is a personal family property and it has nothing to do with the city whose name it uses. Under the law, Mara is correct. The present law. It will be much better when a football, baseball or basketball team in New York becomes a franchise let out by the New York City Department of Parks.

So I sat in the stands in the sun and waited for the Giants to come onto the field for my last look at them ever. I didn't feel so good. The night before I had been in the bar in Gallagher's, on 52nd Street in Manhattan, and Father Benedict Dudley came in. He is the Giants' chaplain. He had a quiet cocktail before dinner and I said nothing to him about the Giants leaving town. A guy with us named Eddie, closed his eyes and began calling off old uniform numbers. "Ward Cuff, 14. Ran reverses and kicked field goals. Mel Hein, 7. Never knocked off his feet in a game. Leonard Eshmont, 2. Joe Sulaitis, 21. I remember the guy from the Redskins—Bo Marshall, right? Kicked a field goal so high in the air nobody knew whether it was good or bad and they started a fight. The Bears. Sid Luckman, 42. Joe Maniaci, 32. I jumped out of the stands and stood in the end zone for the last plays of the game. Hein pushed a guy out of a touchdown. The Giants beat the Bears."

I stayed in Gallagher's too long, talking about the Giants as they were. Sunday afternoons that always seemed cold, the old Polo Grounds containing the noise, the noise creating more excitement.

DEPARTED

CONTINUED

They were the first football team I ever saw. A thing like that is supposed to be so important. But now, because the people in New York City are not quite nice enough anymore, Wellington Mara moves his team to nice New Jersey.

In the stands next to me, in the sun at the practice field at Monmouth College in New Jersey, an hour and more away from New York City, was a tanned young man of about 25. The hair was well groomed. Bare shoulders were tanned, he was wearing a striped tank suit top. He looked at the field through sunglasses. I love sunglasses; you can look at me but I cannot see you. Highest manners. He sat with his wife. His two young children were against the wire fence separating the stands from the field. The guy lifted his left leg and put his foot on the seat in front of him. The denim trousers leg rode up a little and you could see the black ankle holster with a .32 revolver in it. He talked to his wife about the summer they were spending in Sea Girt. They mentioned some bar in Sea Girt that Alex Webster, the Giants' coach, has his name on. Beautiful Sea Girt. Black pistol strapped to the guy's ankle, black sunglasses covering his face.

The Giants came onto the field now. They ran laps, ran very slowly in the sun, on a field well over to my right. Then the players came onto the field in front of us, a small coach clapped his hands and everybody lined up in rows and began exercising. Running in place. "Knees up there," the coach yelled. The ones in the middle of the pack, who couldn't be seen, were screwing off. Ten, 11 of them pretending to be running in place but really not running in place. They were fooling the coach by not keeping their bodies in shape. When the coach flopped down and began doing pushups, the same players in the middle began rocking their rear ends in the air, to simulate pushups they weren't doing.

The Giants' defensive line is their toughest since their championship days, but the management is afraid of the Bronx.

"Geniuses," I said out loud, but to myself. The guy with the gun shook his head in agreement.

"You got to know where it's at to play this game," he said. He tapped his temple.

The team ended the exercising and broke into units. Defense and offense. On offense, the backs and ends formed a group. The offensive guards and tackles and centers went off by themselves and practiced the three or four moves they use in a game. Three or four moves, that's about all you need to know to play guard or tackle on offense in pro football. The announcers on television shriek at you that, no, that is not just a left guard who is playing football. That man is really a brain surgeon.

Those people who announce football games on television would like you to think they are Einsteins just being able to tell you what is happening. They talk about a tackle as if it were trigonometry.

The defensive linebackers and halfbacks spread out. The offensive backs and ends formed sets. Snead ran one set. Randy Johnson directed a second set.

The drill was right in front of me so I watched it. The quarterback faded and the ends and halfbacks came running out and the linebackers and defensive halfbacks covered. Before the drill began, the defensive coach called his group together.

"The idea is to keep the receiver from getting to the outside of you." The square faces around him nodded. Animated as a plaster wall.

"Outside," the coach said. "O-U-T-S-I-D-E."

Heads nodded.

"Got it, gang? All right. Now, the

best way to keep the receiver from getting to the outside is for you to stay between the receiver and the sidelines. Got it?"

Heads nodded.

"Between. B-E-T-W-E-E-N."

Hands clapped and the players broke out for the drill.

On the first play, Bob Tucker, the tight end, started downfield, then out for the sidelines. A linebacker went downfield with him. The linebacker stayed between the middle of the field and Tucker. This gave Tucker the outside. The defensive halfback now picked up Tucker. The defensive halfback was on Tucker's right shoulder. Tucker's left shoulder was leading Tucker to the sidelines. Nobody in the way. Between. B-E-T-W-E-E-N. Tucker was in helmet and shoulder pads. Big tanned bare legs coming out of grey gym shorts, a white cast on his broken left hand flashing as he ran for the sideline with nobody in his way. Randy Johnson's pass was not a good one. It was behind Tucker a little. Tucker was running at the sidelines, looking back over his right shoulder as the pass came at him. The right hand went out and grabbed at the ball. An animal growl came out of Tucker as he slapped the ball against his chest. He gave a second yell, a strangled yell, and the ball was off his chest and in the crook of his elbow and Tucker was cutting at the sidelines and racing downfield with nobody near him and the people in the stands yelled, and the defensive coach, the little guy, stood alone on the field and shook his head.

I got up and started for home, for New York, which was an hour's drive away. As I walked out, I had no hard feelings against the defensive coach. But I did hope those halfbacks he was coaching keep him and Mara, especially Mara, shaking their heads all season long. I won't see any of it. But I wish them bad luck.

In New Jersey, the Giants will be playing in a former swamp. Breslin is rooting for the swamp to turn to quicksand.

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AT SOUTHERN CAL, IT'S NOW THE SECOND YEAR A.D.

BY TIM TYLER

In December, 1972, Anthony Davis of the University of Southern California personally drove the Notre Dame football team into the ground. Six weeks later, he personally drove an automobile into a telephone pole. As a result of the second incident, his right knee required extensive surgery, and his football future, which had seemed so bright, demanded re-evaluation.

Half a year later, Davis was running on the Southern Cal practice field, testing his legs, trying to find out what he had lost in the accident, if anything. Both his ankles had been taped, and his stiff right knee had been soothed by heat packs. Still, he was not moving especially well.

Then, abruptly, he cut to one side. And smiled.

"See?" yelled Anthony Davis. "I can cut. I still got my lateral speed. That's my greatness."

If Anthony Davis had lost anything, it wasn't his confidence.

Anthony Davis—A.D. of USC—is out to prove this fall that he has lost none of the qualities that made him the most spectacular sophomore in college football last year. He intends to revive memories of the Notre Dame game—when he took the opening kickoff, slipped away from a tackler with some silly goosestep he'd probably never tried before, sprinted the length of the field, capped his run with a feverish little dance on his knees in the end zone, then repeated that strange rite five more times after five more touchdowns. To a national television audience, and to the Notre Dame defense, Davis looked like an uncontrollable missile.

What makes Davis almost impossible to control is his abandon—his sheer physical abandon and his rare mental abandon. His body darts away from tacklers. At the same time, his mind wanders away from football. A.D. thinks both qualities contribute to his greatness.

"I can evade a tackler, or challenge him, then evade him," says Davis. "Football has got so intensified now, you gotta play psychology on a tackler. You run into him, stop, cut back outside. You look to cut across the grain, then bust straight downfield. In the game against Oregon State last year, it was raining, the field was soaked. I cut across the grain and scored. Now you don't *do* that, you don't cut across the grain in the rain, but *I* did. Heh-heh."

But all his moves, Davis says, are unconscious: "When I'm running with the ball, my mind'll go away, I'll be thinking about different situations or frustrations I've had. Friends and enemies. If I'm thinking about some bad situation, I'm likely to take it out on the tackler, go right at him. If I'm thinking about something nice, maybe I'll just run away from him."

Bill Davis III, A.D.'s brother, a junior-college football player, is younger, but of the same psychological bent. "You lose yourself in the job," says Bill Davis, "and deep down, you're thinking about sex, or whatever your thing is. You got two minds, really, and if they're both working on the same thing, they're gonna fight each other. You're not gonna run as fast, and you're gonna get hurt. Like, my brother never knows when he gets tackled. It's not a matter of him saying, 'Well, I got tackled, gotta forget it and go on to the next play.' He never knew he got tackled in the first place."

Anthony Davis, obviously, is *different* from most running backs. He is practically unique among black athletes: He is a third-generation college football player. His grandfather, Bill Davis Sr., was a star center for Prairie View A & M in Texas. His father, Bill Jr., was a bench-warmer for Texas College. Now Bill Jr. is a postal worker, but he is the force that drove A.D. to stardom. "I always wanted somebody in the family to be a *great* athlete," says Bill Jr.

When Anthony was two, his father moved the family from Trinity, Texas, to Los Angeles. He bought a house in the black-and-Mexican San Fernando-Pacoima area of the San Fernando Valley and soon started Anthony into Bronco League baseball. Bill became the team coach, and mainly on his pride ("I used to

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SOUTHERN CAL

CONTINUED

own that championship, man!"), the team won the Western Division, traveled all the way to New Bedford, Massachusetts, for the national championships. The team lost, but Anthony, then 12, impressed everyone. He was a lefthanded infielder, a powerful switch-hitter and a brilliant base-stealer. He was, everyone admitted, great.

The following year, in the Pop Warner football league, A.D. learned how to place-kick, and before long, he was great at that, too. He was able to kick 30-yard field goals with either foot. The same year, he learned how to dance. "Overnight," says his father, "he became the best dancer in our part of the valley." Naturally, Tony danced on Boss City, a local TV dance show, and won trophies. (He still place-kicks and still dances: "It's a good workout, man. Helps keep me in shape.")

At San Fernando High School, Davis became, quite simply, the greatest athlete in the history of the L.A. school system, which covers a lot of stars. He was a state wrestling champion. He was an All-State hurdler. And he was the first man ever to be voted Los Angeles' most valuable scholastic player in *both* baseball and football. As a running quarterback, he set Los Angeles schoolboy records for rushing, scoring and total yardage. He was just as good in baseball.

A.D. was swamped by all his success. Even he admits he got a little cocky. His vice principal, Phil Breskin, remembers, "He wasn't the most popular guy on the football team. He wasn't a team player. I guess people thought he was conceited." Davis had no close friends in high school. His mind always seemed to be somewhere else. He would wander into class, or onto the practice field, 15 or 20 minutes late, looking anything but apologetic. People would get burned up. Frank Jimenez, A.D.'s upholstery teacher, remembers, "He was late for everything. I'd give him extra work for being late, he'd argue with me, and look down. You could tell he was resentful." At home, A.D. always left his clothes lying around. Brother Bill says, "I'd ask him to pick 'em up. He'd say he had more important things on his mind. And we'd fight. We had lots of fights."

The football coach, Howard Marcus, was just as bothered by A.D.'s nonchalance as everyone else. The school principal, Hugh Hodgens, recalls A.D.'s sophomore year: "All year long, Marcus had been telling Anthony there were ten other guys on the team, making the holes for him. But he wouldn't listen." Led by A.D.'s running, the team finished in a dead heat for the city championship. At one of the final practices before the championship playoff, Davis showed up late. According to custom, Marcus picked up a wooden paddle and said, "Okay, Tony, two swats and go on in." "I'm not takin' any swats," said Tony. The coach said, "Okay, Tony, I'm sacrificing you for the team." He suspended Davis for the rest of the season. And San Fernando lost the championship.

Anthony Davis says he hasn't been slowed by his accident last winter. "I still got my lateral speed. That's my greatness."

Davis didn't exactly change after that. But he made a kind of outer accommodation with the system. He started talking about team spirit, and smiling at the other players. Hodgens says, "I didn't see Tony in my office at all after that." But Breskin figures, "Tony never lost that loner's pride. Call it conceit, call it what you will—but you need it to be a champion." A.D. still had it. His senior year, the school tried to get him in trouble over a girl he was living with. Tony was furious. He told his brother, "You put the school on the map, they turn right around and stab you in the back."

By his senior year A.D. could run the hundred in 9.8, but he was even swifter at shorter distances. "The first 40, 50 yards," says A.D., "that's where I'm *fast*." A baseball scout watching him steal second in one of his last high-school games punched his stopwatch, gasped and told Breskin, "That kid is faster than anybody now playing in the majors." The Baltimore Orioles offered Davis about $60,000 coming out of high school, but A.D., wanting to keep his options open, decided to go to USC and play two sports so he could take his time to decide.

For a while, A.D. was lucky: He began his sophomore year as USC's fourth-string tailback, moved up one when starter Rod McNeill was injured, two more as he gradually proved to John McKay, the USC coach, that though sophomore Allen Carter was faster (9.6) and junior Manfred Moore (a teammate from San Fernando High) was more experienced, A.D. was the best. He wasn't first string till the ninth game of the season, and yet he became the first USC sophomore ever to rush for more than 1000 yards. His six touchdowns against Notre Dame

SOUTHERN CAL

CONTINUED

set a USC scoring record for one game. The national collegiate record is seven. Davis led USC to the Rose Bowl, where the Trojans cemented their national championship by beating Ohio State, 42 to 17. No team had ever scored 42 points against Woody Hayes.

Only two weeks after the Rose Bowl, the human missile was driving a girl home from an all-night party in Los Angeles. His mind wandered, He fell asleep. The car crossed the center divider and crashed into a telephone pole. The girl wasn't hurt, but Davis got thrown out of the car and ripped his left Achilles tendon and right knee. The tendon was only partly severed, but the surgeon worked 90 minutes rearranging bone and muscle tissue in the knee. Davis kept asking, "Will I be able to play football?" and no one could give him a straight answer.

But the crisis passed, the tendon healed and, even though the knee remained stiff, A.D. was back on the USC baseball team before its season ended in the spring. He still limped during the summer, but he played in the California Collegiate League, an amateur league sponsored by professional teams. By the end of the summer, he was beginning to show signs of being the old A.D. After one series of games, he reported without much prompting, "I hit four for ten in three games, threw a guy out from right field to third base. Started one game with a double, homered next time up. The next game, I had two hits, from the right side. And I stole two bases, in back-to-back games."

Sitting on the practice field waiting for the football season, A.D. sounded confident. "I'm sore. But I got the full range, that's the main thing. That accident's nothing that's gonna hold me back. I'm just stridin' on out." And he shuffled off, shuffled back. "You know, because I'm short (five-foot-nine, 190 pounds), I'm less vulnerable. I take short steps." He pranced in place. "Up high, see? Some of these runners who may be faster than me, they take these long steps, like this —if they get hit with that foot planted, they've had it."

He sat down again, sighed, stared across the field. "There's a lotta pressure on me, you know? It's gonna be pressure as long as I'm here. A lotta guys are resentful of me—they say, good sophomore year, bad junior year. They wanna see me go down. They don't know what I'm like. I'm always trying to improve.

"Everybody's gonna be out to get us the next couple of years. We're the national champions. Plus, we've got a new line (only two lettermen back on offense). But physically, the line's got more attributes."

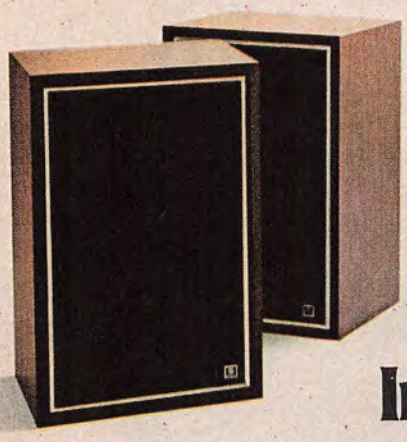
A.D. kept musing. "You know another thing? This idiot wrote me a letter after the accident, said, 'Your legs are ruined. You ruined it for the kids.' Well, I gotta prove that idiot wrong. Directly."

A.D. was getting lost in a kind of reverie about all the pressures on him, the pitfalls in front of him. "See, I'm a public figure now. I get letters. Today, the modern athlete has gotta be part of the system, he can't just play sports. I've got an image to keep up. Gotta improve my grades, only had a 2.8 average last year. And work with kids. Working with kids is part of my image. I've had a job at the museum this summer. Two hundred fifty thousand kids flock in there every month. I might want to go into social work, I don't know. . . ."

He got up, ran another lap, this one at a good speed, darting around, cutting back and forth.

From a distance, in fact, he looked like he was charging at problems, running over enemies, even dodging a pitfall or two. It seemed as if the human missile was ready to fire again, to squirt around the field, mystifying tacklers, setting new lateral land-speed records, even doing his silly little knee dance down in the end zone. ■

While helping his team to the No. 1 ranking in 1972, A.D. became USC's first soph to rush for more than 1000 yards.



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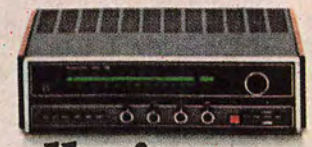

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1. 2. 3.

Brylcreem shows you how to Without growing it.

Maybe you don't want to cut your long hair. Or grow your short hair. You just want to look different. You can—if you're willing to spend a little time. Here's what you'll need:

Your hair, shampooed and towel-dried until damp.

A hair brush.

A comb.

If you have one, a blow-dryer or hot-comb is important for three of these styles. But you must use it properly. Always brush hair up and away from your scalp and dry it from underneath. Pull hard to get rid of curly tendencies. (If your hair is a bit too straight, small, circular movements with your brush and dryer can give it more life.) Longer hair should be dried with steady, continuous movements.

Just one word of warning about blow-dryers and hot-combs: they dry out hair. We believe it is vital to use a conditioner on hair that is hot-air dried in order to keep it healthy looking as well as styled.

If you don't have a hot-air dryer, don't run out and buy one. Three of these styles work perfectly well without one.

SHORTER HAIR

1. Short part

This is how you'd like your hair to look. But it won't. Because it isn't thick enough or long enough.

Blow-dry your hair up and away from your head for a chunky feeling. Now it looks like it just grew an extra inch in length. And doubled in thickness.

Lift your hair all over except one place—your neckline. If you keep your hair close here, even flip it out, it looks longer.

When you comb, make a short part. Comb your hair in the direction it grows. (Across the forehead and down over the ears for most guys.)

Since blow-drying dries out your hair, prevent this by using a little Brylcreem Hairdressing before you begin. It helps shorter hair in lots of ways. Its conditioners put back the moisture hot-air drying removes, giving your hair a healthy looking, natural sheen. Brylcreem also makes your hair more manageable, so it does exactly what it's supposed to.

2. No part

Maybe you've had enough of parting your hair—and seeing your forehead—to last you a lifetime. (Or at least the next few months.) If so, try this.

Massage Brylcreem's new Dry Style into your hair. Then comb top hair from the crown of your head towards your forehead, side hair down to your ears and forward to the temples, back hair down and under around your neck.

Now you can leave your hair as is, or comb again for an even fuller look. (But remember, no part.) Dry Style is like hair spray in a bottle, controlling your hair naturally and invisibly.

3. Opposite part

You prefer your hair parted, but just want something different. How's this? It works without a hot-air dryer, too.

First, massage a little Brylcreem Hairdressing into your damp hair, for body and manageability.

Then, part your hair high, on the side opposite to its "normal" part. Grooming away from the growth pattern will temporarily straighten out waves and will also help give the height this style requires on top.

Brush hair up and back on top, straight down and flat to the head on the sides. Flip up the hair at the nape of your neck.

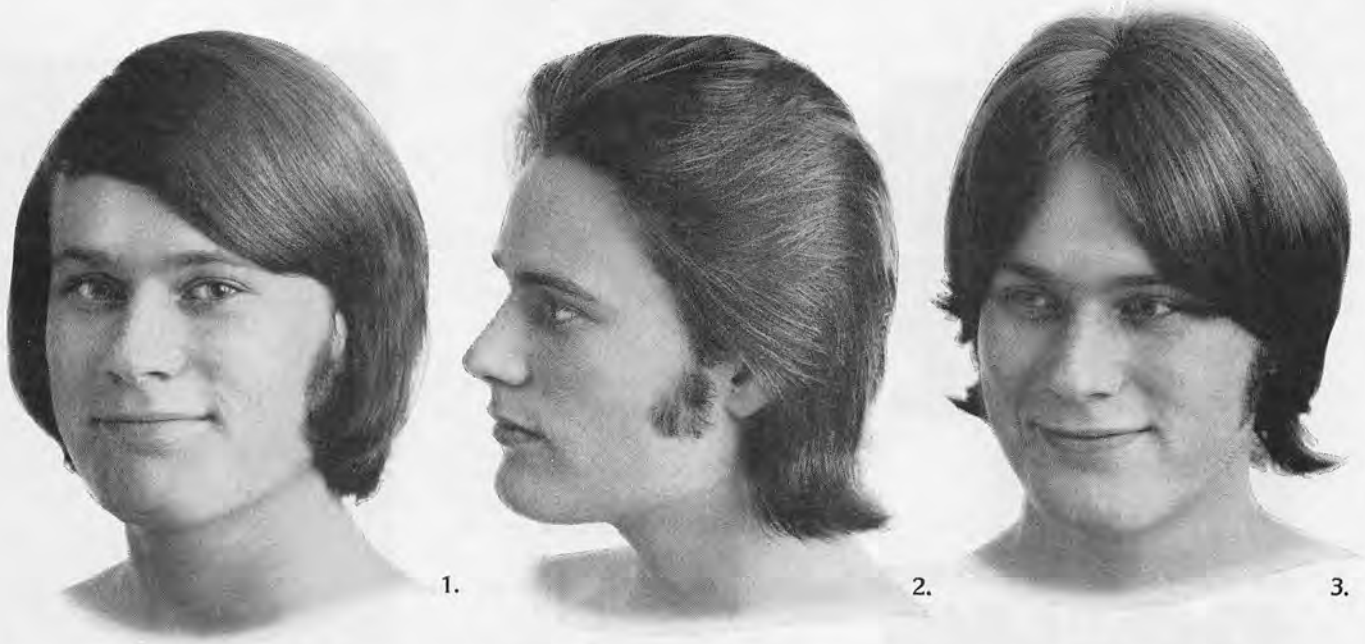
Let it dry just as it is.

LONGER HAIR

1. Side part

Here's how to get your hair looking its best if you want a side part.

Brush and dry your hair in one smooth motion, turning the ends under. This makes it look shorter. (Maybe you can get by without a haircut for a few more weeks.)



change the way your hair looks. Without cutting it.

Side hair is groomed under and towards your cheek. Top hair goes to the side, then back away from your face.

If your hair has a mind of its own, use a spray of Brylcreem Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein before you start blow-drying. It does two important things for longer hair: conditions and controls. Spray it on, then massage it into your hair and scalp. The protein penetrates your hair shafts, helping to protect your hair from the parching effect of blow-drying. And the styling control of Soft Hair will help you get your hair going where you want it. And keep it there.

2. No part

If you can't be bothered with blow-drying or you'd like to look more mature, try this.

Spray your towel-dried hair with Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein and massage it in. This puts styling control where you need it: down deep in your hair.

Then, with your brush, groom all your hair straight back against your head. You've got a forehead again. Earlobes, too. Flip the hair at your neck out and up.

Use the brush at the crown to lift your hair and turn it under. This gives a little extra height where you may need it.

Another spritz of Soft Hair where your natural part may be trying to appear will help prevent it from doing so.

3. Center part

The last time you parted your hair on the side it either fell in your food or made you look lopsided. Try a center part instead.

With your hot-comb or blow-dryer, turn your hair forward and under on either side of the part. Starting from the part, your hair should go away from your forehead, towards your cheek and back to your ear. An S-shape. This makes your hair flip out at the bottom.

From the end of the part down the back of your head, all hair goes up and under, for fullness. At the very bottom make the ends flip by turning them up.

And don't forget Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein. Its conditioners will counteract the drying effects of a hot-comb or blow-dryer. And it'll control your hair while keeping it healthy-looking.

After all, if your hair is dull and dried out, all the styling in the world won't help the way you look. That's why, no matter what style you decide on, we've got a product that will help you.

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DAVID CLYDE IS 18... GOING ON 30

BY PAUL HEMPHILL

The lull before a major-league baseball game is always the same, no matter which league or which park. Unlike the once-a-week orgiastic mayhem of football—"Six days of drudgery interrupted by 60 minutes of stark terror," some describe it—baseball is a leisurely ritual requiring a player not to get "up" for the game but rather to get down into a serene groove for it.

On this particular evening, on a balmy August night at the California Angels' ballpark in Anaheim, the principals involved were having little difficulty attaining serenity. Both the Angels and the Texas Rangers were hopelessly out of the Western Division race in the American League, with two long months yet to play, and the players trudged about as if they wished the remainder of the schedule could be cancelled due to lack of interest. With less than an hour to go before the first pitch, fewer than 1000 fans sat scattered in the stands as the Rangers took batting practice. Pitchers numbly jogged along the outfield fences. Infielders slapped at ground balls. In the batting cage, hitters absently stroked at baseballs, trying to find the rhythm, like so many hungover Sunday-morning fathers at a suburban batting range.

In the cool of the Rangers' dugout on the first-base side, a Ranger and a Texas sportswriter sat on the bench smoking cigarettes and tapping their fingers to the soft sounds of rock music coming over the stadium's public-address system. "How long's it take to the airport?" said the player, a relative veteran on the club.

"Maybe 30 minutes," the writer told him.

"Then how long to Chicago?"

"Three hours. Something like that. Why?"

"Che - *cah* - go." The player grinned and spat. "Man, if it wasn't for Chicago I'd quit and go to work. You comprende, amigo?" The writer chuckled and nodded his head. The player stood, stomped out his cigarette and stretched. "Damn right, you dig Chicago. Only town in this league. Man, you know what I'd do to that town if I was making your money and had an expense account?"

The player turned and saw David Clyde, the youngest player in the major leagues, trotting down the carpeted runway leading from the clubhouse to the dugout. Only eight weeks earlier, David Clyde was pitching for a high-school team in Houston. Now he had $125,000 in his name and was in the major leagues, and every new town was an experience. "You take 'Franchise,' now," the player said, "he's on vacation. That right, Franchise?"

"Not exactly," said Clyde, his face reddening.

"You see the sights of Anaheim today, Franchise?"

"Disneyland. Me and Pete went to. . . ."

This broke up the older player. "Great God Almighty," he shrieked. "Disneyland. The Franchise finally got to see Disneyland. They let you

GOING ON 30

CONTINUED

in on a kiddie pass? Huh? Hey, Franchise, they tell you the bad news yet? You ain't going on to Chicago with us. Chicago's X-rated. You too young to go to Chicago, Franchise." Still blushing, David Clyde ducked his head and trotted out to the outfield to work up a sweat before the game.

No sooner than the summer of '73 set in, at least one thing became abundantly clear in the major leagues: Eighteen-year-old David Clyde, possessed with the poise and control you could expect only from, say, a Warren Spahn, surely held the fate of the pitiful Texas Rangers franchise at the end of his supple left arm. Sometimes, the Rangers were finding out, it pays not to excel. In 1972, after transferring to the Dallas-Fort Worth area from Washington, the Rangers were the most futile team in baseball. The team batting average was .217, the team earned run average 3.53. Their pitchers threw eight shutouts, the opposition 27. Only one player hit more than nine home runs, and the club as a whole homered only 56 times. Losing an even 100 games to finish 38½ games out in their division, the Rangers drew only 662,974 fans at home. On the road, newspaper headlines called them the Texas Strangers.

Finishing with the worst record in the major leagues meant, however, that they would have first pick in the draft in a year when there was a sure-enough phenomenon available just down the road at Houston. David Clyde, a perfectly-built lefthander with all of the tools, was clearly the best of the crop. In four high-school seasons he had put together an 0.65 earned run average, struck out 843 in 475 innings, and thrown nine no-hitters. During his final season, which was ending just as the major-league draft was held, he had his best year of all: 55 straight scoreless innings, an ERA of 0.18, 14 shutouts and five no-hitters. Not only was he a great prospect, he was a Texan. With great fanfare, the Rangers drafted Clyde, gave him $125,000 and announced he would have to pitch his way out of the big leagues.

On the last week of June, a mere 20 days after his last game in high school, David Clyde took the mound at Arlington against the Minnesota Twins. He wore No. 32 on his back, the same number Sandy Koufax had immortalized, a bold assertion of what the Rangers expected from him. A sellout crowd of nearly 36,000 was in the stands, and all the networks had brought their crews in. He nervously walked the first two batters he faced, but then struck out the next three. As he walked back to the dugout he got a standing ovation. Giving up only a two-run homer to the Twins' Mike Adams in the five innings he pitched, he got credit for Texas' 4-3 victory. A star, quite obviously, had been born.

Difficulties would come later in the season, of course—with a month to play, his record was 4-7 and his ERA over 4.00—but few had changed their mind about David Clyde's future. "Hell, that was probably the first home run the kid had ever given up," said Whitey Herzog, the Rangers' manager until he was replaced by feisty Billy Martin in September. "That's how much he had to learn. I saw him pitch a no-hitter in high school, right before the draft, and I knew I wasn't looking at an 18-year-old. He's not a boy, he's a man. And he's not a thrower, he's a pitcher." Meanwhile, at the box office, Clyde had quickly paid back his $125,000 to the club and was turning a modest profit for them. After five home appearances by Clyde, each properly ballyhooed in advance, the Rangers were averaging 10,590 fans per game overall; but 27,813 per game in which he started. It was figured that Clyde had personally grossed some $250,000 that the Rangers would not have seen had he not been pitching.

In the Rangers' clubhouse, finished with his running before the game, Jackie Brown stood in front of his locker and changed into a dry undershirt. Jackie Brown is a righthanded pitcher who had been called up from Spokane, in Triple-A, only three weeks earlier. Except for a brief shot with the old Washington Senators in 1970, he had spent nearly a dozen seasons in the minor leagues—in nine different towns—with sporadic success. Now 30 years old, he bore lines on his face and was well aware this might be his last good chance to make it in the big leagues.

"He doesn't know how lucky he is," Brown was saying.

"Clyde?"

"Yeah. Starting up here."

"You ought to know."

"Better believe it." He grinned. He looked tired. "I've thought about that some, about Clyde. It might not necessarily hurt him if he rode a few buses and ate a few hamburgers. In a way, it's good for you. Not for as long as I did it, you know. But it can be good for you."

"You mean he's got things to learn."

"No," Brown said. "Not on the mound."

"Poise? He's got plenty of poise."

"I don't know how to put it." He cinched his shoelaces. "What I'm saying is, you learn to appreciate it up here if you've been down in the minors looking up. You know? I mean, when I first got here last month I was scared to death. Clyde's not the least bit scared. He acts like it's still high school. I don't think he understands the situation yet." He shook his head. "Maybe nobody ought to tell him."

Despite the friendly needling from the Rangers about his age and

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GOING ON 30

CONTINUED

money, David Clyde bears little relationship to the skittery original "bonus babies" — fuzzy-cheeked farm boys, for the most part—who failed so ignominiously to make it during the late '40s and early '50s. One of those was Bruce Swango, a teenager on a 240-acre Oklahoma spread near a town of 500 population, who got $36,000 from the Orioles only to be unconditionally released eight weeks later, without having thrown a pitch, on the grounds that he was afraid to pitch in front of crowds. The Swango story is probably exaggerated ("Heck, I just wasn't no big-league pitcher," says Swango, now working the graveyard shift in an Oklahoma tire plant), but the woods are full of "phee-noms" who were ruined when baseball law forced them to sit on big-league rosters for two years when they should have been in the minors learning how to develop their talent. After what David Clyde showed in his first season, that is not likely to happen to him. His fastball and curve are considerably better than average, but the best of his qualities are poise and control. And he brought them with him to the major leagues.

Baseball has been his life, ever since at the age of six he began playing organized kiddie baseball as an outfielder and first baseman. The oldest of four sons, David fell in love with baseball from the start. His father was and is with the telephone company, which is why the Clydes have called 17 towns "home," and Mr. Clyde played baseball with the boys every evening when he got home from work. "It never was easy for me," says David. "I was a pretty good hitter when I was little, but I don't think you could say I was a 'natural' from the first." He became serious about baseball as a career when he was 12 or 13—he had already grown to five-foot-eight, 160 pounds—and was allowed to start pitching against high-school kids, at 60 feet, in a New Jersey Police Athletic League ("I don't have any records, but I did pretty good"). Just before the spring of his freshman year in high school, the family moved to the west side of Houston and David enrolled at Westchester High.

Therein, in a brief chronology of his travels as a kid, may lie the reasons David Clyde—like Al Kaline, another fast-maturing teenaged bonus baby who never spent a day in the minor leagues—was able to move straight into the big-time without, as Jackie Brown says, "understanding the situation." By the time he was 18, David Clyde had already seen a lot of America—they lived in St. Louis, Topeka and New Jersey, among others—and had coped with the spotlight since hitting his teens. He had obviously been groomed and well-instructed by a father who cared enough but not too much. "He's not like any 18-year-old I've ever known," says Rangers catcher Ken Suarez. Veteran infielder Jim Fregosi puts it more succinctly by saying "He's just a nice kid." Many middle-aged sportswriters, in fact, have been made nervous by Clyde's habit of addressing anyone older than him —which means everybody, in his new world—as "sir." Says Rangers public relations man Burt Hawkins, "I still can't believe the kid is for real. Maybe one day he'll get burned by writers and change, but I've got to see it to believe it. Who wants to burn him, anyway?"

"C'mon, man, get on them scales and we'll see if you're big enough for the major leagues yet." This was Dave Nelson, a sprightly young second baseman who was hitting .273 and had 23 stolen bases after 91 games with the Rangers. Just before game-time, he had brought the two young sons of a former school classmate into the Rangers' clubhouse to show them around. The kids were wide-eyed as Nelson took them around, introducing them to the players. "And this here, this is Jim Bibby, the one that pitched a no-hitter the other night." Then he saw Clyde, who had been huddling with the trainer, and marched the boys over to his locker. "And this one right here, boys," he said, "is *the* pitcher." It was said almost reverently. Shaking hands with the boys, their eyes absolutely bulging, he lit up a cigarette and sat on a table in the middle of the clubhouse.

"Wouldn't that be something, to be that age and get to go into a big-league clubhouse?" he said.

"You aren't that much older," he was told.

Talking as smoothly as a veteran politician, seemingly enjoying talking to writers ("You must really have an interesting job," he said), Clyde answered the questions of a cluster of them. Different Los Angeles reporters had hung around him every day. He hadn't done anything with the money yet, he said, and so far his father was his agent. He was going to marry his high-school sweetheart in December, he said. The thing he felt he needed to work on was his curve, and "little things" like the pickoff and backing up bases. He said he wouldn't mind going to the minors ("Whatever Mr. Herzog says"), that he just wanted to pitch somewhere. He didn't do anything exceptional before that first big-league game, adding that he never liked to "start thinking about a game too soon."

"You ever hear of Paul Pettit?" asked one of the writers.

"The basketball player?" Clyde said.

"That's Bob. This one's Paul, the bonus baby. The first one to get $100,000."

"Don't think so, sir. When was that?"

"Back around 1950, I think."

"Paul Pettit. I don't believe I've heard of him." Clyde raked a hand

through his long brown curly hair and smiled a thoroughly boyish grin. "Of course, I was a little young then."

The Rangers blew another one, snatching defeat from the jaws of victory as they say, and after he had thrown a few things Whitey Herzog took a shower and lit a fresh cigar and got his stuff together in the manager's cubicle of the Ranger clubhouse so they could get away to Chicago. Exactly one month later he would be axed in favor of Billy Martin, but now he was still boss. He is a respected baseball man of an older school—tough, aggressive, talkative, strong on fundamentals—and for six years he ran the Mets' farm system.

"You talk to him?" said Herzog.

"A few minutes."

"Well, then, you know."

"How's that?"

"He's not a kid. I've worked with 'em, solid, for six years, but this one's different. You get to know the boy, you know he's not a kid." Physically, said Herzog, it was wisest to lay off Clyde. Pitching coach Chuck Estrada had changed his grip on the curveball and taught him to hold runners on base, but little else was done. "Mentally, he's the best I've ever seen at 18. He's go that, and he's got control."

"Can you be sure, though?"

"About what? I know him."

"No. He's awfully young. Will he change?"

"Oh." Herzog rolled the cigar in his mouth. "Yeah, well, that's something else. That's something you never know. I remember this one kid I had with the Mets about five years ago. Got about $50,000 to sign. He went something like 8-3 his first year, in A ball, and I thought he could make it in Triple-A the next year. Kid checked in for spring training the next year and he was 25 pounds fat. I had to suspend him. Far as I know, he's still in Triple-A. How the hell do you know what's going to happen to a kid that age? But this one"—he jabbed the cigar in the air for emphasis—"I'd bet on this one." ■

JACK DANIEL was only five-foot-two, but after winning the Gold Medal at the 1904 World's Fair he stood mighty tall among whiskey makers.

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FOR DAVE BING, SCORING'S EASY; IT'S ONLY SEEING THAT'S HARD

BY JOE FALLS

To most NBA fans, Dave Bing of the Detroit Pistons looks the same now as he did when he was Rookie of the Year in 1967 or when he won the scoring title in 1968 or when he played in the All-Star Game in 1971. There seems to be little difference in the way he drives down the lane, twists and turns in mid-air, rolls in a lay-up from an almost impossible angle, then races back to the other end of the court to pick up his man.

But watch closely. Bing is a different ballplayer than he was two years ago. The changes are subtle because he has made such a tremendous effort to conceal them.

He is more cautious in his play now—"more controlled" is the way he puts it. It seems as if he is starting the Pistons' fast break just as he has for years, but it is an illusion. A clever one, but an illusion.

He picks his way up the floor now, instead of flying with all of his old abandon. He may carry the ball across the line, but then he'll pass off. He'll take it back and try to work himself in to the basket. He doesn't dare take off and run blindly, so to speak.

The Dave Bing bomb from 30 feet? He seldom takes it anymore. He'll tell you it's because big Bob Lanier is in the middle and he has the percentage shot, so why take a chance of losing the ball by shooting from far out?

The truth is that the rim is a blur to Bing even from 15 feet out.

Dave Bing's world is now filled with fuzzy figures. He cannot see from one end of the court to the other. Beyond midcourt, everything is a blur to him. The Los Angeles Lakers are a golden blur. The Boston Celtics are a green blur.

"I'm lucky," says the captain of the Pistons. "We wear white at home and blue on the road and I can pick up both colors pretty good."

Dave Bing has been playing on courage and instinct ever since a night two years ago when Laker Happy Hairston almost literally scratched his eye out.

It was the Pistons' final exhibition game before the start of the 1971-72 season, part of a doubleheader in New York. Hairston was making a defensive switch and as he slid past Bing, his hand flew up and his finger caught Bing on the pupil of his right eye.

Bing went down, grabbing his eye in great pain.

At first, the Pistons thought it was just a scratch. Bing played the opening game a few days later. Then his vision started to fade. Everything suddenly became dim. The Pistons sent him to the hospital, and doctors found that he had a partially detached retina in his right eye. They operated on him the next day.

Bing is a very unusual man, a man of great character. I remember a night in Detroit's Cobo Arena last season. Bing was playing with a groin injury, which can be very painful, but he put on a masterful display of basketball—26 points, ten assists, four or five steals, brilliant defense. Not once did he limp, not once did he drag his leg.

Half an hour after the game, the arena was practically empty. The crowd had departed. Ray Scott, the coach, was sitting in a room across the hall from his dressing room, talking to reporters.

A slight figure moved past the open door. The man was bent over. He was dragging his leg. I got up from my chair and looked out the door. Down the hall, with nobody around, Bing was limping as he headed for the men's room.

I suppose the word is pride. Bing would not permit himself to limp before the fans in Cobo Arena. But now, in an empty corridor, he hobbled like a wounded animal.

The leg would heal. But Bing's vision will always remain blurred. The detached retina could be repaired by surgery, but not all of the damage the injury caused could be undone.

It is not easy anymore for Bing to play basketball. He has had to change his style and push himself to almost unbelievable limits to maintain the standards he set when he first came into the NBA.

DETROIT
21
YORK
32

SCORING'S EASY CONTINUED

It's especially tough in Baltimore. They've got a light behind one of the baskets and when Bing looks up for a shot, he is momentarily blinded. It's like a flashbulb going off in his face.

The same problem exists in Cleveland, Chicago and Phoenix. "New York is good," he says. "Boston is good. Luckily, Detroit is good, too."

Bing wears one contact lens—over his damaged right eye—and when there is a light behind the basket, it reflects off the glass.

Neither one of Bing's eyes is good now. He damaged the left one as a boy growing up in Washington, D.C. He caught the eye on a nail at the age of six and his vision has been impaired ever since.

"Wouldn't you know it, I've got to hurt one eye playing basketball and it's got to be my good one," Bing says, with a smile. "Well, I overcame the other injury, and now I'll overcome this one."

When Bing sits on the bench, he can see across the court, but not up the court to the other basket. Unless the clock is directly overhead, hanging over the middle of court, he cannot read it.

Statistically, Bing has fooled the world. His scoring average has hardly suffered at all. Last season, he was 14th in the league with a 22.4 average. He simply has had to get his points in different ways.

"I'm lucky in one respect," says Bing, who uses the word "luck" quite often. "We've got a big man in the middle now but Bob doesn't clog up the basket. He moves out because he has such a good shot—the best outside shot among all the big men—and his man has to go with him. This opens up the middle and I can still beat any guard to the basket."

Bing believes his eye injury has made him, in some ways, a better basketball player. "I'm a better free-throw shooter because I've had to practice more on it," he says. "I'm better defensively, too. I figure I'd better be doing something in case I can't score enough. And I'm a better passer than ever."

Every time Dave Bing scrambles for a loose ball, every time he drives, he's risking another blow to his eyesight.

He passes more now because he can't always sight in on the basket. Last season he ranked third in the NBA in assists with 7.8 per game.

But there was a time, when he lay in Ann Arbor University Hospital with patches over both eyes, when he wondered if he'd ever be able to see again, much less play basketball.

"When I hurt my eye in New York, I didn't think too much about it. It was painful enough, but we had to hop on a plane to get back to Detroit for the start of the season and I didn't have time to do any thinking.

"Even when they told me they were going to operate on me, or else I might lose the sight in my eye, I wasn't all that upset. I had to hurry home and get my clothes and get right back to the hospital. Only when I lay there for those three days in total darkness did I get scared. I got scared as hell."

The doctors covered both eyes because if Bing had moved his one good eye, his other eye would have moved along with it. It was necessary for his eyeballs to remain as still as possible so the retina would have a chance to fuse properly.

So, for three days, he lay almost perfectly still in bed. His wife, Aaris, remained with him. She fed, bathed and comforted him.

"I never knew three days could be so long," says Bing.

When the doctors removed the bandages, Bing could see—but his sight was blurred. They made him wear an eye patch and cautioned him not to make any jarring motions. They did not want him even climbing stairs.

"The worst part was the next two months," says Bing. "I couldn't leave the house, I couldn't go anywhere. I couldn't watch TV or read. All I could do was listen to the radio and listen to my music."

His wife read him the sports pages, and if you want to be confused, try having someone read you the NBA standings, followed by eight NBA box scores. "I just

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SCORING'S EASY CONTINUED

couldn't follow it all," says Bing.

Lem Barney of the Detroit Lions would drop over the house. So would Bob Lanier and Jimmy Walker, his two best buddies on the Pistons. They'd gag around, the way athletes do, but soon they would be gone and Bing was left to his music and his radio. He'd listen to the games on the radio and feel sick to his stomach. It tore him up not to be there.

After two months, the doctors gave him permission to watch the Pistons practice in Cobo Arena. "It all . . . it all smelled so good," Bing says, recalling his first day back. "The showers, the dressing room, even that popcorny smell out in the arena. And these balls bouncing on the floor—beautiful, just beautiful."

"You ready to go, champ?" his coach, Earl Lloyd, kidded him.

"Right now," said Bing.

"Sure," said Lloyd. "Right now." The two men looked at each other and smiled.

When the players went inside following the workout, Bing walked to the courtside. He picked up a ball and bounced it a couple of times. He could feel a strange sensation surge through his body.

"Hey, Don," he said to a buddy, Don Hicks, "rebound a few for me, will you?"

Bing went to the free-throw line and, to the complete astonishment of himself and Hicks, made 19 straight foul shots.

"I couldn't believe it," he says. "I hadn't touched a ball for more than two months and I hit 19 in a row! I wasn't even wearing my glasses. I knew then I could play again."

Bing hustled back to his doctor with the good news. He felt sure he'd get an immediate okay to play again. But the doctor said, "Oh, maybe we'd, ah, better take it easy." The doctor was on the spot. So much publicity had been given to Bing's eye operation that he didn't want anything to go wrong for fear of damaging not only Bing's eye but his own reputation.

So Bing got another setback. He was told he could begin taking light exercise, but no playing yet. His heart sank. Then, as he walked about his house, Bing began noticing he could not see too well out of the corner of his damaged right eye. His peripheral vision had been impaired and this is what he lived on, how he made his name, how he became such an outstanding player. He had always seemed to have eyes in the back of his head.

Bing began traveling with the club. He was supposed to help Lloyd with the coaching, but this was awkward. These were his teammates, his friends. What could he do except say "Let's get 'em guys" or pat them on their rumps when they came off the floor?

Finally, he was given permission to begin working out—but lightly, very lightly. The early scrimmages were frustrating. Everybody stayed away from Bing, for fear of hitting his eye again. They'd back off and —suddenly—the lane would be open for Bing.

"C'mon," he'd yell, "get with it! Cover me! Cover me!"

His teammates would nod nervously, but they kept a safe distance. Bing would intentionally hurl himself into the middle whenever a jam developed, to see if his eye could take it.

Then, during one of the practice sessions, Howie Komives was making a switch on defense—just as Hap Hairston had done—and he hit Bing right on the eye. Bing's contact popped out and he grabbed for it. Everyone froze on the floor, thinking he was grabbing his eye.

"My contact," he said. "It's only my contact!"

A week later he was scheduled to suit up for a game with the New York Knicks at Cobo Arena. It was December 28, 1971. Bing hardly slept at all the night before the game.

"I kept thinking of Walt Frazier, my man," he said. "How would I play him? What would he do to me? We've always had a good rivalry and I didn't want to look bad."

When Bing showed up at the arena, Lloyd asked him how he felt.

"Fine," said Bing.

"Okay, then, you're starting," said Lloyd.

Bing was surprised. He didn't expect to start his first game back. Somehow, he felt a little dejected. He looked over to where Komives was sitting. Komives had been starting in his place, and doing a good job, and now Bing knew he would be told to sit again.

"I felt bad for him but I think he understood," Bing said.

When the Pistons came out for their pre-game warmup, the sell-out crowd rose and gave Bing a standing ovation. At first, he didn't know what was going on. He turned around and tried to look up into the stands. It was all hazy.

But he broke into a smile—and jammed in his first lay-up. "It was odd . . . it was like I was floating out there. My head felt so light. I felt so dizzy."

When the opposing captains met the referees at midcourt before the game, Willis Reed, the captain of the Knicks, looked down at Bing with a big grin. "Glad you're back," said Reed.

"I'm glad to be back," said Bing.

"Well, I hope nothing happens to you," said Reed.

The two men shook hands and went to their benches.

The Pistons didn't win, but Bing played superbly. He had 21 points, eight assists and held his own with Frazier. He played 33 minutes and was a very tired man at the end.

Once, during a jump ball, Dave DeBusschere said to him: "How you doing?"

"Okay," said Bing.

"Well, make sure you don't get hurt," added DeBusschere.

It was a personal tip—from a professional. It was one dedicated professional to another. ■

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THE SPORT QUIZ!

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14-16 EXCELLENT
11-13 VERY GOOD
8-10 FAIR

Anthony Davis

1. Which one of the following former University of Southern California football stars was also a member of a world-record sprint-relay team?
a. O.J. Simpson
b. Mike Garrett
c. Frank Gifford

2. He was *not* a first-round pro draft choice.
a. Frank Gifford
b. Mike Garrett
c. O.J. Simpson

3. Which of the following has never led the NCAA University Division in rushing yardage?
a. Anthony Davis
b. Mike Garrett
c. O.J. Simpson

4. He never played in the Rose Bowl game.
a. O.J. Simpson
b. Mike Garrett
c. Frank Gifford

5. Which of the following three has gained the most yardage rushing in his pro career?
a. Mike Garrett
b. O.J. Simpson
c. Frank Gifford

O.J. Simpson

6. Which one of the following never played for the USC baseball team?
a. Mike Garrett
b. Frank Gifford
c. Anthony Davis

7. Which one of the following never won the Heisman Trophy?
a. Frank Gifford
b. Mike Garrett
c. O.J. Simpson

Mike Garrett

8. He holds the NCAA record for the most yards gained rushing in a season.
a. Anthony Davis
b. O.J. Simpson
c. Mike Garrett

9. He was the first sophomore in USC history to rush for over 1000 yards.
a. Anthony Davis
b. Mike Garrett
c. O.J. Simpson

10. Match the runner with the quarterback he played with at USC.

Anthony Davis	Steve Sogge
O.J. Simpson	Mike Rae
Mike Garrett	Craig Fertig

11. He was not a two-time All-American.
a. Mike Garrett
b. O.J. Simpson
c. Frank Gifford

12. True or False: Frank Gifford, Mike Garrett and O.J. Simpson were the only USC running backs ever named to the consensus All-America team?

Frank Gifford

13. Which one of the following never played on a national championship team at USC?
a. Mike Garrett
b. O.J. Simpson
c. Anthony Davis

14. Of the following, which man has made the most appearances in professional All-Star games?
a. Mike Garrett
b. Frank Gifford
c. O.J. Simpson

15. True or False: Frank Gifford, Mike Garrett and O.J. Simpson all played for pro teams which finished last in their division.

16. Which one of the following was never a placekicker for USC?
a. Mike Garrett
b. Anthony Davis
c. Frank Gifford

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 126

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A WOMAN'S TOUCH

It helps to be a model to enter the sanctuary.

During Kentucky Derby Week, 1969, when one particular jockey suddenly became the center of attention, I was the first sportswriter admitted to the jock's room. Once I got in, I must admit I saw something I had never seen before: I saw a floor scale covered with shocking pink fur.

Before you start wondering which jockey has such strange tastes as to welcome both that scale and a woman sportswriter, let me calm your suspicions: The jockey's name was Diane Crump, and she was the first woman ever to ride at Churchill Downs.

A few days later, when Bill Hartack won the Derby aboard Majestic Prince, I found myself back in a more familiar position: Outside the jock's dressing room, wishing, for purely professional reasons, that I could get in.

My wish frustrated, I wandered over to Majestic Prince's barn, and there I found Hartack, saying things about the race to trainer Johnny Longden that he didn't say in the dressing room. I ended up with a good story. Somebody up there must like women sportswriters.

I have been a reporter for almost a decade and a sportswriter, on and off, for less than five years. I worked first for the Associated Press and then for The New York *Post*. At present, I am off the sports beat, working cityside, at least partly, I suppose, because my locker-room interviews—so important for an afternoon newspaper story—never materialized. I wonder at times about a system that allows a woman reporter to view murder victims and race riots, but shields her from the male belly button.

Actually, I have had little trouble covering certain sports. Golf and tennis have always had a setup that is fair to women writers. Stars are expected to appear in a central interview area after their rounds or matches, and most of them cooperate.

I have seen the inside of a boxer's dressing room, and I confess that it didn't provide me with any wonderful decorating ideas. In 1972, just before the Mike Quarry—Tommy Hicks light-heavyweight fight, the New York State Boxing Commission ruled that, for the first time, women could sit at ringside and visit the fighters' dressing rooms afterward. The fight was at Madison Square Garden, and the *Post* assigned me to cover it. I could see the sweat droplets fly off Quarry's body and could count the birthmarks on his back. I watched Hicks' right eye swell and then close as the bout wore on. I was tempted to lean in and rest my chin on the canvas.

I joined in the post-fight interview—the fighters exposed less flesh than any narcissistic swimmer—and I survived, without damage to my psyche or the fighters'.

Golf, tennis and boxing are open to women sportswriters not out of principle, I suspect, but because they are sports dealing with individuals rather than teams. It is considerably easier, I suppose, to persuade one athlete to keep his clothes on than to get as many as 40 football players or 25 baseball players or 12 basketball players to delay their showers.

In the spring of 1973, the *Post* gambled on my battle against the mystique of the changing room and sent me to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, to cover the New York Yankees in training camp. I was barred from the locker room, but I adjusted. I interviewed players in their apartments, in cocktail lounges, in parking lots and on the beach, plus in the dugouts and on the field. I found the parking lots at Fort Lauderdale Stadium my favorite hangout for covering breaking news such as contract negotiations and personnel cuts. While the male writers got to eat midday chicken soup and celery sticks in the locker room on non-game days, I got my daily bread in the dugout.

The big crisis came when the Governor of Florida gave his annual dinner for the Grapefruit League teams. The invitation specified that it was a stag event, and I got word that the Governor's office would be most pleased if I didn't attend. The Yankees backed me up. Bob Fishel, the team's public relations vice-president, threatened to have the entire Yankee team boycott the dinner if I were not admitted.

It was kind of nice that it was the management who supported my right to attend the dinner, because if it had been up to the players, I think I could have gotten into the sacred locker room as well as the dinner. In fact, Ron Swoboda told me that I'd win in a poll of the players. Gene Michael told me that if I didn't get into the locker room, I wasn't getting the full story.

I really don't understand the whole fuss. After all, I saw Majestic Prince stark naked, and it didn't hurt that stallion's performance one bit.

—SHEILA MORAN

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THE RED WING IN THE HEADBAND

BY GERALD ESKENAZI

On the basis of pure accomplishment, on the basis of pure hockey skill, a story about Henry Boucha of the Detroit Red Wings should begin here and end before you can turn a page.

Boucha has not played one complete season in the National Hockey League. His career has been very brief, but it has also been fairly unproductive. In his first 48 games in the NHL, he scored exactly one goal.

End of story.

Except for several things:

Boucha is an American, which makes him a rarity in the NHL.

Boucha is 9/32nds American Indian, which makes him unique in the NHL.

Boucha wears a headband on the ice, which makes him stand out in the NHL.

And Boucha has a business going on the side, peddling headbands, which makes him one smart 22-year-old, 28 percent Indian.

Add to this the facts that Boucha sports a Fu Manchu mustache, that he bears a distinct resemblance to Rob Reiner, the meathead son-in-law on *All in the Family,* and that he has been called an Uncle Tomahawk—an Indian's Uncle Tom—by more militant Indians (who resent his headband, the war chants the Detroit organist plays for him, and his refusal to get involved in the mini-revolution at Wounded Knee, South Dakota), and you have some idea why this story hasn't ended yet.

Now to backtrack a bit:

Only six years ago, Henry Boucha was the hero of the entire state of Minnesota when he starred for Warroad High. Minnesotans called him America's greatest Indian athlete since Jim Thorpe. The kid came to play. Chunky, but fast, an easygoing manner, a quick smile—and good. Some say he was Minnesota's greatest schoolboy hockey player ever. Everyone in Warroad (population: 1300) knew how to pronounce his name: Boo-shay. "Originally it was spelled Boucher," Boucha explains. "But my grandfather liked it better with the 'a' at the end, so he changed it."

Henry's father is a commercial fisherman ("still earning $2.85 an hour"), 1/16th Indian. Henry's mother is half Chippewa. The couple had five children. Two died, a son in a gun accident, a daughter a year later in a fire.

Henry was by far the most famous personality in Warroad, the boy who was going to lift the school to the state championship in the annual tournament. Yet he got hurt in the championship game, and Warroad High went down to defeat. Henry languished in the hospital. When the town heard that the family was running short of money, the citizens took up a collection and raised more than $1500—better than $1 per man, woman and child in the whole town.

Meanwhile, Henry had to make a decision: Whether or not to attend college. The University of Minnesota was after him. Boucha, in fact, signed a letter of intent to become a Gopher. But then he was offered another opportunity: To play junior "amateur" hockey in Winnipeg. The offer was made by Ben Hatskin, known as the "corrugated-box king of Manitoba." (Hatskin is the man who lured Bobby Hull to the World Hockey Association.)

"So I figured—you always have time to get an education, but you don't always have time to play hockey," explained Boucha. There was another factor. "I wanted to marry my high-school sweetheart. That was a mistake. We were too young. We're divorced now."

After Boucha spent a year in Winnipeg, Murray Williamson, coaching the United States national team, tapped him at Christmas, 1969, for the squad. Boucha joined, played in Europe—and then got drafted.

"The only time I spent in the service soldiering was my two months in basic training," says Boucha. "After that, I got temporary duty in order to play with the national team."

Theoretically, he was an M.P., but his orders were to get ready for the 1972 Olympics. Although he had played defense in school, on the national team in 1971, Boucha became a center. He played 55 games, got 40 goals and added 55 assists for 95 points. While he was competing for the national team, the Detroit Red Wings, under their new coach, Ned Harkness, drafted Boucha in the second round. This was June, 1971, and Boucha's para-military tour wasn't supposed to end

31
SLUGGER

HEADBAND

CONTINUED

until late 1972.

In the Olympics, early in 1972, the U.S. team surprised many people. It won the silver medal, finishing only behind the U.S.S.R. Boucha wound up as his team's leading scorer. Perhaps as a reward, the Army discharged him right after the Olympics—six months ahead of schedule.

It was late in the 1971-72 season, and the Red Wings were attempting to make the East Division playoffs. Under Harkness, virtually everyone who had been on the club for more than two years was gone. Harkness had invaded the pro ranks from Cornell University, and he had instituted college-type skating and collegiate rah-rah sessions in the locker room.

Some Red Wings were not impressed. "How the hell can you ask a bunch of pros to shout 'Go Team Go!' in the locker room before a game?" asked Frank Mahovlich shortly after Harkness took command. Shortly after asking, Mahovlich was gone. But the players who remained were for the most part young, strong skaters. They went along with Harkness and his theories of "constant motion." Harkness, although born in Canada, believed the pros could learn from the collegians, and many of his ideas were similar to those favored by the Russian coaches. But the Soviets were laughed at by the hockey establishment. No one, after all, could seriously mention the Soviet team and the National Hockey League in the same breath. Why, after a game between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. at Madison Square Garden, a game in which Boucha scored a goal for the U.S., someone asked Emile Francis, coach of the Rangers, if the Soviet team could beat an NHL team. "It's too damn ridiculous to even answer that question!" Francis shouted.

This was the attitude Boucha faced when he reported to the Red Wings. His Olympic team had finished second to the laughed-at Soviet team. He was just another kid coming out of college and attempting to skate with the big boys.

Boucha was ready to play, but there wasn't really a spot for him. The regular centers were Alex Delvecchio, Red Berenson and Marcel Dionne. Then Al Karlander, a left wing, got injured. Harkness told Boucha to play left wing that night. Harkness by then had turned general manager, after turning over the coaching reins to Johnny Wilson.

"But I never played left wing before, Ned," Boucha told Harkness.

"Never mind that," replied Harkness. "You just tell Wilson that you played left wing a lot."

Wilson put the youngster on a line centered by Delvecchio. "Geez, he was one of my heroes," recalls Boucha. "I couldn't hardly stand on my skates, I was so nervous about the whole thing."

But Henry did what all good little heroes do in their first game. He scored. The goalie was Jacques Plante of Toronto, once one of the best. What did it matter that Plante was now 43 years old, and that he couldn't close his spindly legs on a dribbling shot that Boucha managed to nick? The goal counted. One game, one goal. However, it was the only point he picked up in the 16 games he played in the 1971-72 season.

Boucha had expected many more scores. He didn't think the NHL was such a big deal. "Everyone was saying for years the NHL was so hard-hitting, so fast, so much better than anyone else. And here I came off a team that had only finished second to the Russians. And people thought American collegians were second-rate. I tell you, I was hoping the Team Canada-Russia series would go the way it did. It taught the NHL a lesson."

Last season, Boucha thought he would explode on the sports pages and pirouette into the hearts of hockey fans everywhere. In training camp, he looked good. His only competition at center was the 41-year-old Delvecchio, who wasn't about to extend himself doing calisthenics. Dionne and Berenson were in Russia for Team Canada. With them gone, Boucha got his chance. Once the season began, he flubbed it. Through October and November, Henry didn't get a goal. He didn't even get an assist. Harkness sent him down to the minors, to a club named Tidewater.

"It hurt, it really did," says Henry. "But now I'm glad I was sent down. I hadn't been playing and I was losing confidence. When you don't see action for any length of time, you lose the feel of the puck on your stick."

To help change his luck, Boucha tried several things, all of them completely logical to hockey players. First, he tried taping his stick in the opposite direction from the way he normally did. Then he changed his stick. Then he put on more tape, then less. All of this makes supreme sense to skaters. Derek Sanderson, for example, will unlace his skates if he hasn't scored in the first period. If he has scored, he leaves his skates alone.

Anyway, Boucha's luck started to change when he forgot his helmet one game. He played without it and got a goal and an assist. Exit helmet, permanently.

His scoring with Tidewater continued, and Harkness brought him back to Detroit. He wasn't a star, but he was a rugged kid who was useful on the power play. His long hair bothered him, though. It kept falling over his eyes.

One day he decided to buy a headband. He bought a beauty, red leather and beaded, with a cloth backing to absorb the sweat. But this was a radical innovation, and

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HEADBAND

CONTINUED

Boucha didn't quite know what to do with the thing.

"I didn't know how Ned or John would react to it. I figured I'd try it in a game against Pittsburgh. So I bought it, but then I hid it. I didn't want anyone to see it. I didn't even wear it during practice. Then when the game started, I put it on. I even had a speech ready about how I needed it because the sweat got into my eyes. I was watching Ned in his box to see if he was frowning or anything like that. I was sure he was going to come into the dressing room and say something to me about the headband."

Harkness didn't complain, but Scotty Bowman, the coach of the Canadiens, did—to league officials. Bowman argued that the headband was illegal—because it was tied with a knot. Bowman claimed that league rules forbid any outside gear that has to be tied. So Boucha got his headband elasticized. He bought a few extras, red ones for road games, white for home games. The headband became a part of Boucha. In fact, the Red Wings made up 5000 imprinted with the words "Go Wings, Go." The organist began playing an Indian ditty, "Pretty Red Wing."

Boucha promptly moved into the headband business and plans to market "authentic" headbands for $15 or $20. One of his headbands fetched $50 at a charity auction, not a bad price when you consider that at the same auction a Gordie Howe jersey brought only $175.

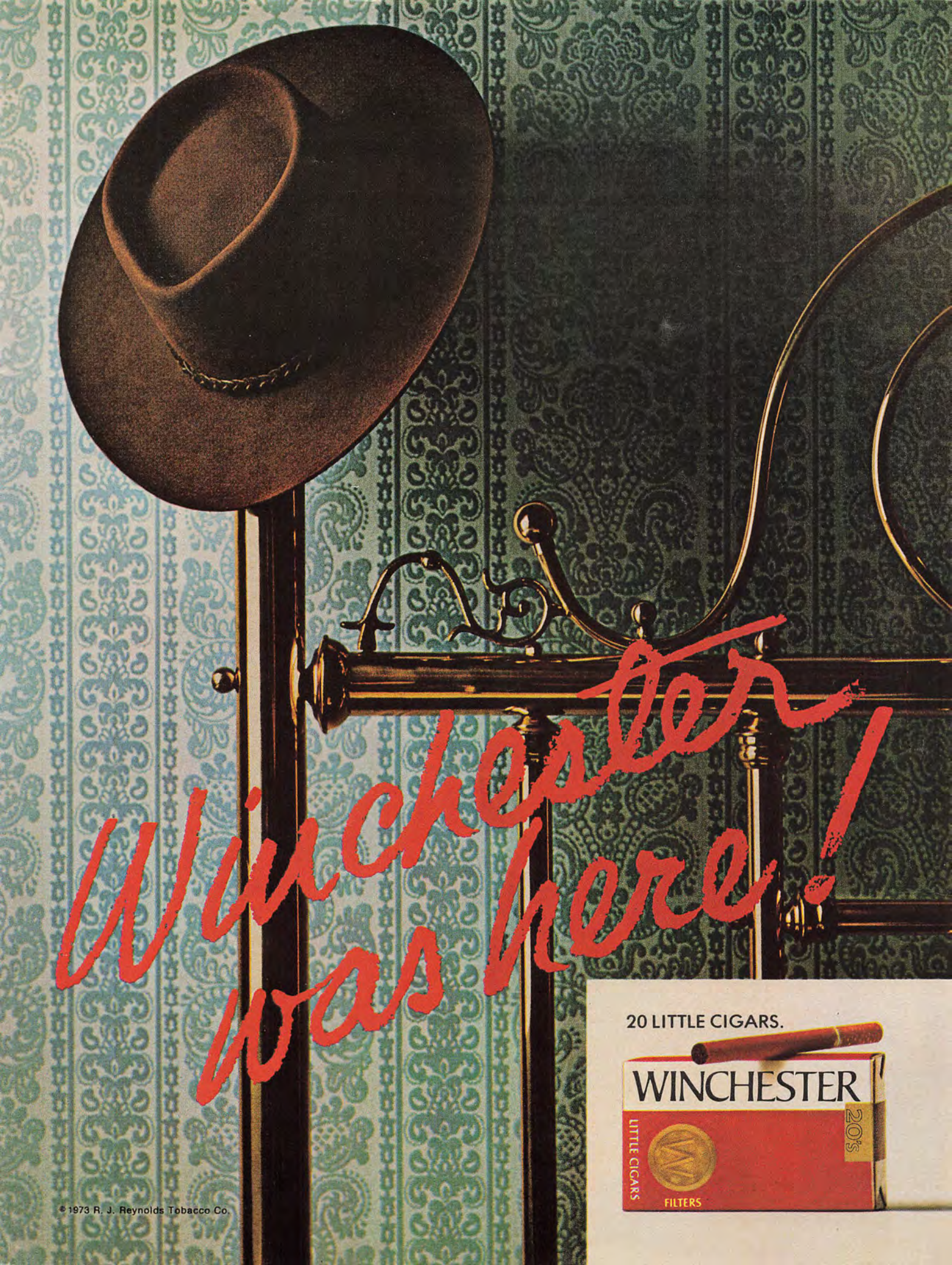
But there was a strange side effect to Boucha's headbands. Some leaders of the Indian movement were offended. They felt he was making fun of his heritage. One of them even stopped him at the Michigan State Fair and told him to take off a headband he was wearing.

What his Indian critics didn't realize was that Boucha is committed to their cause, in his own way. "There are 339 treaties that the white man broke," he says. "I don't like to see people living on reservations. I want to go back to school to be able to do something about it some day." But he told the people at the militant American Indian Movement that "there were other ways to do something" besides creating the Wounded Knee situation.

"I've set my goals again since coming to the NHL," Boucha explains. "Money doesn't mean much to me. I just like to help people and maybe one day that's what I can do by becoming a social worker."

For now, though, he is playing hockey and in a low-keyed way attempting to do some positive things for Indians. He knows that as long as he stays in the public eye he'll be able to. He finally found his scoring touch late in the season and wound up with 14 goals and 14 assists, most of them in the second half of the campaign. If he can make it this season from the beginning, people will listen to him.

Whenever angry Indians press him now about the sweatband, Boucha simply says, "Hey, I'm proud to be an American—and an Indian. Besides, the band keeps my hair out of my eyes." ■



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Try me, I can be very friendly.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A WASHED-UP QUARTERBACK

BY LARRY L. KING

Realistically, since I will reach my 45th birthday before the next Super Bowl, I suppose I have quarterbacked my last football team. Though I last performed in 1948, when George Blanda was a rookie, I have until recently felt confident of some vague inevitable second chance. My grandson beginning kindergarten this season forces new realities. It is, therefore, time for the career summing up: Consider this the confessions of a washed-up quarterback.

As with everyone remotely connected with Watergate, I pledge the full truth as I recall it at this point in time. And let me make this perfectly clear: If, as has been implied by jealous enemies, our 1948 team constituted a blot on national honor, then perhaps I placed excessive trust in those closest to me and did not always have the full benefit of knowing what was going on around me. I will not claim such a defense, however, as that would be the coward's way out.

I was, in the fall of '48, a 19-year-old soldier at the Signal Corps Photograph Center in Astoria, Queens, New York. Well, not exactly a *soldier,* though I owned a serial number and wore the olive drab. Though SCPC personnel wore the uniform, I would hesitate to describe us, strictly speaking, as soldiers; certainly our superiors didn't. We were an outfit of specialists—camera technicians, actors, public relations hacks, screenplay writers—complemented by assorted bed-wetters, thumb-suckers, stutterers, spastics who couldn't walk and chew gum at the same time, and other odd-balls too peculiar for more orderly units.

In the 29 months I was there, only one commanding officer took poison, though two opted for early retirement and one was dismissed with extreme prejudice.

Our fifth commanding officer, under orders to shape us up or himself be shipped out to Alaskan Territory, commissioned me his company clerk when I won a typing competition by bruising only one thumb. "Twenty-seven percentum of my troops can't tie their neckties," he said in greeting, "and 21 percentum cannot make their beds."

After he'd wept, the new C.O. said, "What this post needs, other than being bombed and evacuated, in that order, is recreation. We need something to bring the men together—give them a sense of *esprit de corps;* a common cause they can all unite in. Any suggestions, soldier?"

"Well, sir, there's Miss Ermadene Goyne from over in Sunnyside." The C.O.'s color made me remember I didn't like purple and inspired a second suggestion: "Football. We could, ah, field a post football team."

The C.O. became ecstatic. Of course! The perfect answer! Energies would be burned; a team would give its fans as well as its players a sense of union; pride would flower and morale improve. Then the C.O. let it slip how he, himself, had been an outstanding high-school halfback who surely would have starred at West Point save for a trick knee and coaches slow to spot natural talent. Major Jolly—we shall call him—poured me another drink, causing me to reluctantly confess how I, myself, had starred on powerful aggregations in Jal, New Mexico, and Midland, Texas, before patriotism and the draft board had gotten the upper hand. Three drinks later I had my marching orders: I would organize, equip and coach the SCPC team; further, I would schedule ten games against representative teams.

Seven semi-hopefuls answered the call to serve the original Signal Corps Photo Center Screaming Snappers; I had chosen that name not without prayer and meditation, having rejected the Fighting Lensmen, Terrible Technicians, and Dark Room Strutters. Clearly, a

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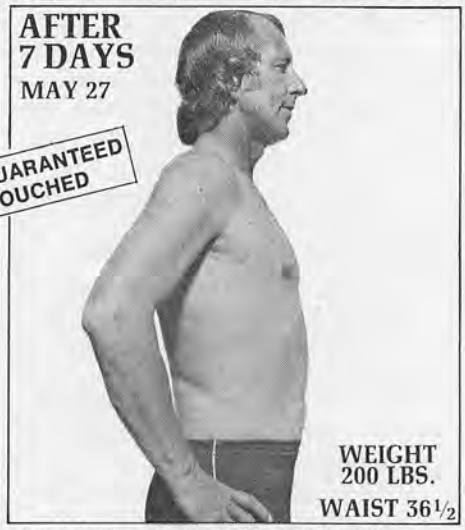

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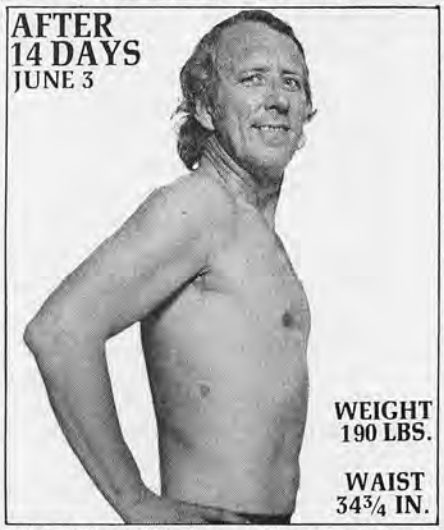

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WASHED-UP

CONTINUED

mere seven men would not serve. Employing my company clerk's powers, and backed by the C.O., I offered comrades-in-arms the choice of coming out for football as against (1) becoming semi-permanent KPs, (2) walking constant guard duty, (3) having their off-base passes cancelled, or (4) being transferred to units where the average soldier might reasonably be expected to bear arms. I then was greeted by a squad of 143, though old-age casualties and the routine examinations of medics immediately reduced this number to 39. Seven others soon disqualified themselves through desertion, while two went blind and one experienced cardiac arrest during maiden wind sprints.

Of the 29 remaining Screaming Snappers, 13—myself included—thought of themselves as quarterbacks. As coach, I claimed that vital position, assigning surplus malcontents to duty as interior linemen, quick-kickers and defensive backs.

Our offense required longer than I would have preferred to make itself functional; my natural quarterbacking talents required much honing since, as a former high-school guard, I was not familiar with all of the position's nuances. I had little trouble taking the snap from center in our T-formation and getting back to set up for passing. On running plays, however, I had difficulty pivoting for fakes and then handing off.

I solved the problem by adding a new formation. While retaining the T in passing situations, we would mount our running attack off the old single wing in which the ball carrier accepted a direct snap and, fakery and flummery bedamned, bravely hurled himself directly into the target hole. To teammates who didn't appreciate this solution (out of fear that our opponents soon would discern whether we intended to run or pass simply by inspecting our formation), I explained how *execution* was 99 percent of football; if everyone blocked to potential, we could afford to concede the element of surprise.

Other malcontents felt handicapped in having no uniforms, pads or helmets, blocking dummies or sleds, or even a football field. We practiced in padless thin G.I. fatigue clothes on the baked grassless compound fronting troop barracks. Our less athletic comrades-in-arms hooted and jeered from balconies, often showering down obscenities, peanut shells and beer cans.

Major Jolly seemed not to fully appreciate our handicaps. The more he drank, the better he thought of his football team. No matter how much I cautioned, or complained of team unreadiness, he increasingly spoke in terms of the military national championship. I was appalled, shortly before our opening game, to find that he offered drinking companions the opposition plus 19 points.

I had scheduled our first game against a sandlot club known as the ABC Rams. They appeared to be a group of thin, consumptive young men who frequented Astoria candy stores, smoked incessantly, wore greasy ducktails and, perhaps, stole hub caps. In the initial flush of planning, I secretly considered the ABC Rams a vastly inferior "breather" team—an unfortunate unit against which I would perfect the throwing of touchdown passes for the glory days ahead. Now, eying my ill-prepared charges and sensing in them less fight than resignation, I privately scaled down expectations. Maybe we wouldn't rout the candy-store loafers, due to hard-luck circumstances, though surely we'd suffer nothing more calamitous than eking out a 13-7 embarrassment. With a little luck, maybe we'd win by as much as 19.

The day before our season's opener, we still had no uniforms. Commandeering a motor-pool truck, and accompanied by two wide interior linemen illegally wearing side arms and pilfered MP armbands, I invaded Queens sporting good stores to con the owners into outfitting my squad and billing the Signal Corps Photo Center. It would turn out that this action proved to be against Regulations: Enough so to attract the attention of a potential court-martial board.

Ted Shenesky, a huge Pennsylvania farm boy, easily the team's strongest man, refused to suit up for the opening game on inspecting our uniforms. I admit they lacked conformity, having been liberated from a half-dozen stores. Five players, for example, were required to wear No. 44—though they had their choices of jersey colors in baby blue, bright red, dull green, dingy white and mustard yellow. Shenesky, snorting that we looked like a bunch of Easter eggs dropped into polka-dot dye, could not be persuaded to play. My pre-game oration stressed false pride. I said how the man made the uniform, not the other way around. I said when the going got tough, the tough got going. I said winners never quit and quitters never win. I almost brought tears to my eyes.

Major Jolly claimed his right to address the squad. He said when the going got tough, the tough got going. He said winners never quit and quitters never win. He invoked the names of Colin Kelly, Sergeant York, Audie Murphy and probably would have included a Signal Corps hero had there been one. He spoke at length of his own glory days and displayed his football knee.

Surprisingly without mishap, we advanced the opening kickoff to near our own 30. They laughed when we came out in the single wing. I pitied the consumptive candy-store kids forced to bear the brunt of fullback Lou Giacomo's power as he exploded into the line, until I heard the referee sing out, "Second down, 13." Giacomo, revived by smelling salts, proved bitter about his blocking support.

Clapping my hands in the huddle, I smartly said, "Never mind, go, let's *bunch*!" Recovering, I snapped, "T-formation-27-zig-out-brown-right-on-hut-four. *Break!*" We clapped and smartly wheeled

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Walk A Mile-circa 1924 • 14½"x27½"

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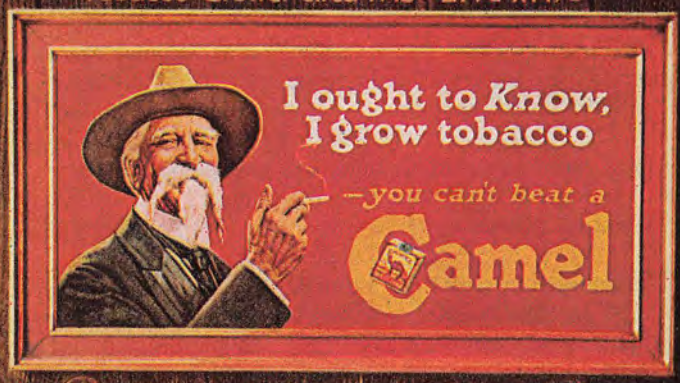
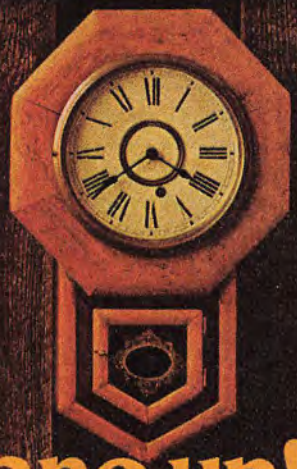


Clear Cut Merit-circa 1926 • 27½"x14½"



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

25 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

WASHED-UP

CONTINUED

about.

Hut-one. . . .

My primary receiver, the right end, would go down seven steps before head faking to the inside, then quickly push off his planted foot to the outside.

Hut-two. . . .

I would hit him as he turned, firing a beautiful bullet directly into his belt-high hands.

Hut-three. . . .

Should my primary receiver somehow goof, the left end would become my secondary target; his pattern ideally would find him ten yards deep directly across the middle.

Hut-four. . . .

Pivoting, savoring the good sting of the ball against my hands, I ran back the required steps to set up, carefully counting. The blackboard diagram loomed clear in my mind, as beautiful and true and undeniable as plane geometry. Six, seven. . . .

Now!

Turning, arm poised to unleash its lethal toss, I witnessed the most confused mob scene since the Coconut Grove fire. I mean, an old former guard just could not *believe* such chaos! Not a single friendly face did the quarterback see among multitudes. Knotty kids in the black-and-white trappings of the ABC Rams, screaming obscenities and clawing, leaped to obscure my vision of more colorful scenes downfield where, in a riot of Easter egg hues, my primary *and* secondary receivers mysteriously groveled in the dirt like beggars. One quick panicky inspection confirmed the absence of my so-called safety-valve man, fullback Giacomo. He was found on top of me, along with many happy folks in black and white costumes, when the referee claimed the ball in proclaiming, "Third down, 22."

To make a long, long story very short, we dropped a tough one, 51 to 0.

Our next opponent, Fort Monmouth's Jayvees, thanks to a second-half strategy of punting on third down, no matter their yardage situation or field position, prevailed by a mere 38 to 0; I had only three passes intercepted, though.

Major Jolly stayed in his office all week, eating off trays and refusing to answer his phone.

The most unforgettable moment of the Fort Dix game came with less than 90 seconds to play. I had just beckoned in a very-substitute linebacker for his first action. "*Come on, gang!*" he gung-hoed, slapping rumps. "*We ain't beat yet!*" Our sweatly, bloody exhausted linemen looked at the scoreboard, which revealed them behind by 59 to 0.

Major Jolly took a week's sick leave. Few thought he misrepresented his condition.

In our sixth game, after losing to Fort Totten, 35-0, and to a group called The Jones Boys, 41-0, we finally tasted success. True, we lost our sixth straight, but we had known the glory, honor and solace of two touchdowns in a luckless 33-14 misadventure at Fort Devers; at least they couldn't call us the "Scoreless Wonders" anymore.

My morning was blighted when a half-dozen Screaming Snapper malcontents shuffled in.

Their spokesman said, "Uh, coach, we been thinkin'. And uh, well, maybe the team, uh, might do better, uh, if you devoted full time to, uh, you know, your, uh, coaching duties."

Lord have mercy, boys, I said, why with the squad down to 19 semi-able bodies I just couldn't do it! Nosir, never let it be said I had run out when the going got rough. Never let it be said I knew the meaning of "quit."

"Well, uh, coach, we could use a little help on defense. You know, we been givin' up about 40-odd points a game. Maybe you could help by playing defense."

I said that while I probably could, they surely understood that I couldn't play quarterback *and* defense *and* coach. While the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak.

"Well, uh, coach. We had in mind somebody taking the load off you by, uh, playing quarterback so you wouldn't be so over-burdened and, uh. . . ."

"Somebody else play quarterback?"

My voice may have cracked mess-hall crockery. Several mutineers flinched and attempted to hide behind each other—remembering, no doubt, Fletcher Christian and the *Bounty*.

"Well, uh, yeah."

"You say this to me," I raged, "after we score not one but *two* touchdowns yesterday at Fort Devers? How do you have such gall?"

"Well, uh, coach. We didn't score until they had us 33-0 and put in their rinky-dinks. And we scored then by recovering a fumble *they* made behind their own goal line and by blocking one of *their* punts. It, uh, wasn't exactly top quarterbacking that. . . ."

"Gentlemen," I said, "not just *anyone* can quarterback. There are requirements and refinements that interior linemen cannot possibly suspect. I have nothing against grunts and dullards incapable of seeing more than the small turf they guard, their own shoelaces and the armpits of opposing linemen. I do not think, however, that these disadvantaged few of limited visions should concern themselves with grand strategies. Because I am convinced you know not what you do, I am willing to generously forget this scene. Those of *you* who have trouble forgetting it will, according to the merits of your rank, have time to give it more thought as kitchen policemen or walkers of guard posts. Do not forget, troops, that your coaching quarterback also controls the duty roster."

Gremlins and goblins plagued my best efforts against Fort Jay. Though I completed seven of 24 passes, three were near-magically inter-

WASHED-UP

CONTINUED

cepted. One was returned three yards for the touchdown that beat us, 7-0. I had never seen such sloppy tackling as my troops performed on that fatal interception. We consequently worked on defense during the following week, trying to give our offense the required help.

I missed our next game, being confined to quarters while investigators determined whether to court martial me: The bills for my unauthorized purchases of our Easter egg uniforms had arrived and certain picky authorities had determined to place narrow interpretations on key Army Regulations. Dreyfus and Billy Mitchell, of course, had earlier been martyred in much the same fashion. I cried in sending my team off to battle the tough North Shore Police Athletic Club, knowing my squad was leaderless, rudderless, sans hope.

My heart broke as I heard them returning to the barracks, desperately boisterous and rowdy. Oh, *the shame* of a team so uncaring as to laugh in defeat! *The pity!*

They burst into my squad room screaming: "We *won!* By God, we won, 26-7!"

Uh, well. Uh, great. By, uh, golly. And, uh, who had played, uh, quarback?

"*Seven* of us," enthused a broad interior lineman. "We took turns."

We closed on Thanksgiving Day at Fort Tilden. Freed by a split decision from court-martial risks (though, apparently, much against the wishes of Major Jolly, according to his numerous telegrams from en route to Alaska) I was again a participant.

I played at tackle, however, rather than quarterback. This was due to my wish not to tamper with a winning combination. I have no doubt I would have made that unilateral decision even without the direct order of our new Commanding Officer, who apparently had been

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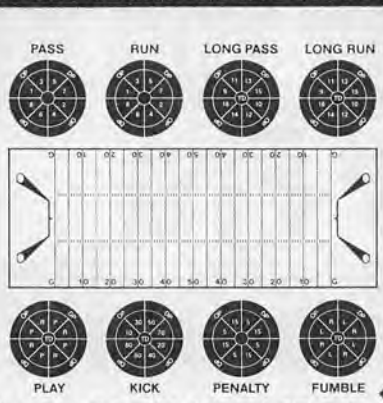

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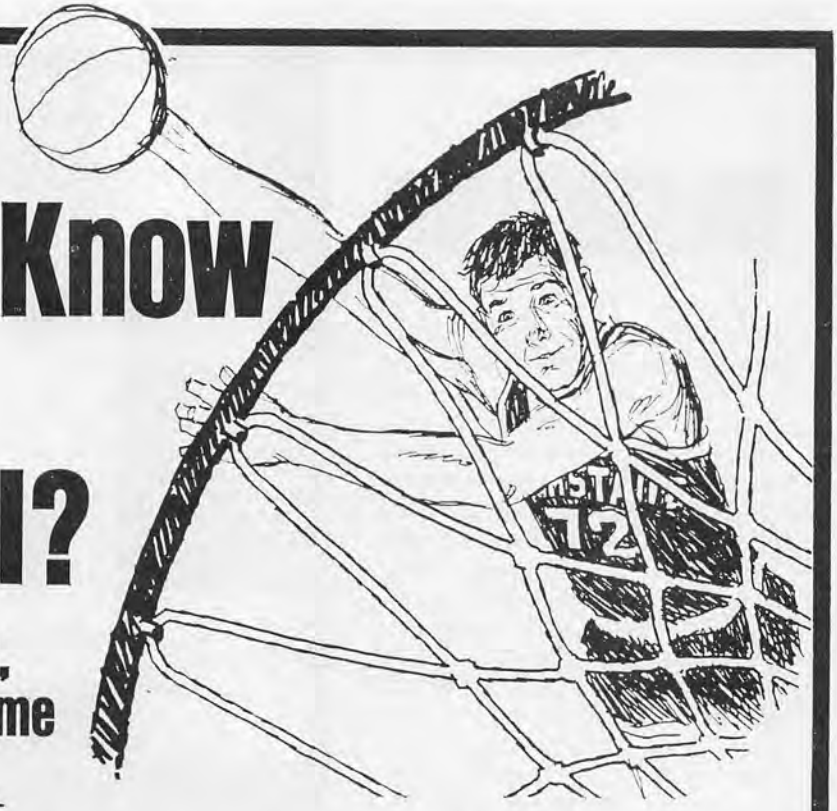

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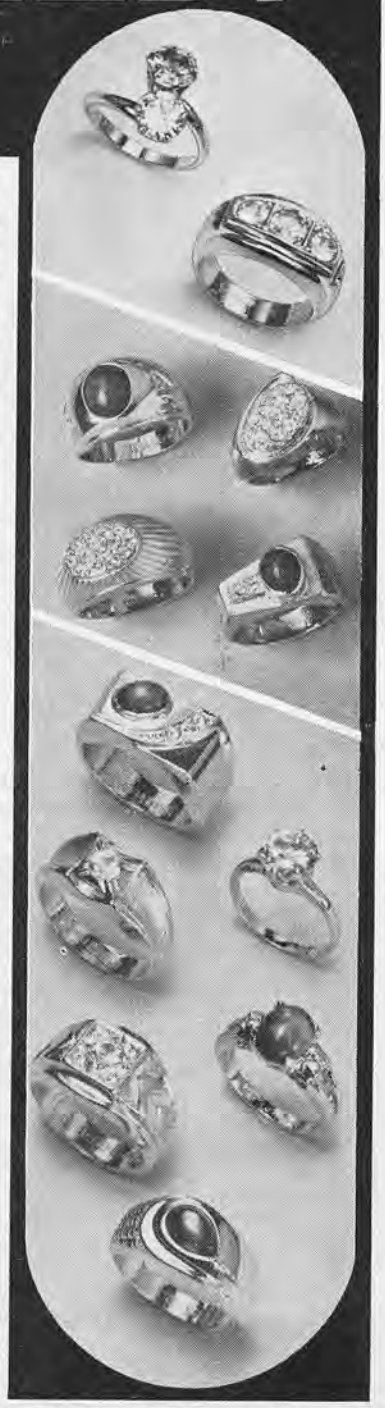

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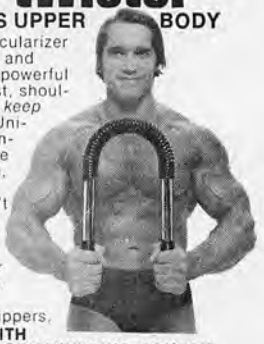

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THE SPORT QUIZ!

ANSWERS
From page 110

1 a. 2 b. 3 a. 4 c. 5 a. 6 b. 7 a. 8 b. 9 a. 10 Davis—Rae; Simpson—Sogge; Garrett—Fertig. 11 c. 12 False. 13 a. 14 b. 15 True. 16 a.

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overly influenced by Major Jolly's telegrams and the misrepresentations of certain squad dissenters and radicals.

Though our quarterbacking (again in the hands of inexperienced transients) proved unprofessional if not near to atrocious, we won, 19-0—thanks to superior tackle play, I think.

Captain Happy, who had replaced Major Jolly, sent for me the morning after our season ended triumphantly.

Reporting, I said, "It's really unnecessary to commend me, sir. It was a team victory. I have never seen a more remarkable comeback than staged by those brave lads who, luckless and vilified, ended with two ringing victories. Now, sir, about next year, I. . . ."

The captain pushed two letters across his desk. "Sign one of these," he said. "Better yet, sign both."

One reads, *"I Sgt. Larry King, RA 18271471, mindful of a less than mediocre record as quarterback and coach of the Signal Corps Photo Center Screaming Snappers, do here forever resign from those positions or any future pretensions to them."*

The second message ran, *"I, Sgt. Larry King, RA 18271471, admitting my responsibility for the disappointing season suffered by the SCPC football team of 1948, and hereby apologizing for my own dual contributions to same, do beg to immediately resign in full and forever and, additionally, request transfer to any military unit not remotely near First Army."*

Under protest, and after being informed about an opening in the Alaskan post laundry, I signed.

As I said in the beginning, perhaps I had placed excessive trust in those closest to me and did not always have the full benefit of knowing what was going on around me. A little more blocking, and it might have been a different story. ■

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Many receivers are superior to Howard Twilley of the Dolphins "in going deep for the bomb," but few equal his ability in catching medium and short passes. Of course such players as running back Larry Brown of the Washington Redskins will be superior in all phases of the game and have no significant weaknesses.

FANS RAVE Here are just a few of the hundreds of letters we receive every week, from football fans aged 9 to 90, from coast to coast!

My roommates in my apartment at Michigan University are wild about the game and are pitching in four ways to buy it.
J.C., Ann Arbor, Michigan

My 10 year old grandson spends 3/4 of his time at his friend's home playing the game. Being a grandmother, it is surprising to me the strong desire this child has for the game.
J.M., Scranton, Penna.

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S.L., Bellmore, N.Y.

It's just great. The passing, running and kicking are exactly right.
M.K., New York, N.Y.

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R.G., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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LETTERS TO SPORT

UP WITH STARGELL

Jimmy Breslin's article on Willie Stargell (September) was, as usual, good Breslin writing. It's a pity, however, that Mr. Breslin didn't get to see Willie connect with one. "The windmilling" and "bones snapping" all working together, then in one powerful swing of the bat, the pitcher is watching his fastball disappear 500 feet into the upper deck. That, Mr. Breslin, is a sight (one I've seen many times) to see.

John E. Tyler
Columbia, Mo.

Ed. Always a pleasure to hear from a Show-Me stater who's been shown.

DOWN WITH BRESLIN

I resent Jimmy Breslin saying (or should I say claiming) that Willie Stargell "would make one of the most terrific ditch-diggers if it weren't for baseball."

I think Breslin is a racist.

Mike Jenkins
East Lansing, Mich.

Ed. Mr. Breslin has many faults, but racism is not one of them. He likes ditch-diggers, writers and other people who work with their hands.

DISGUST WITH BRESLIN

I am writing to express my extreme disgust with Jimmy Breslin's article about Willie Stargell.

I get the impression that Breslin was paid by the word, because the story is full of inconsequential drivel about the lights in the old park in Brooklyn; his memories of Pittsburgh in the old days; the recounting of his bedroom conquests in which he also defames Charley Feeney; his inane feelings about the mechanical device used to cover the infield; and his conversation with Art Rooney.

Breslin's efforts in this instance were

(Continued on page 134)

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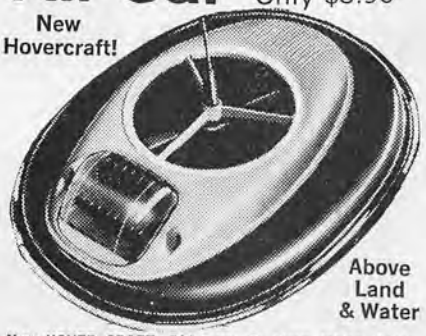

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DISCOVER AMERICA

LETTERS TO SPORT

Continued from 132

as ineffective as his efforts in the political arena, and just about as significant. I suggest that in the future you allow him to gravitate to some bar, where he will be in his element, and avail yourself of some qualified authors to write your stories for your subscribers.

W. F. Keane
Steubenville, Ohio

Ed. Mr. Breslin says some friends of his from Youngstown will be looking you up. They do not get paid by the word. In fact, they can't even read.

Letters To SPORT
205 East 42nd St.
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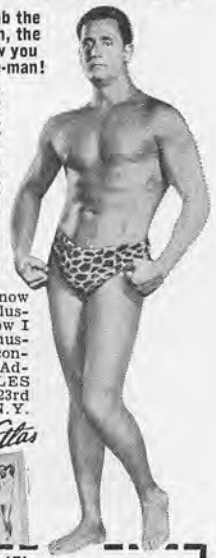
Tired of watching others grab the best jobs, the most attention, the prettiest girls? Let me show you how I can make you a real he-man!



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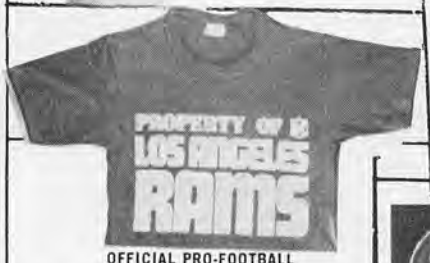

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Official Pro-Football Playing Cards

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AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. *What does it take to build muscles?*

A. Basically, it takes exercise. Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough.

Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes. There is one outstandingly effective training method that is also fast and easy—the one I use and recommend—the new Bullworker system.

Q. *What's that?*

A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today. Many leading athletes use it: World-famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wim Ruska, and Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few.

Q. *How long does Bullworker training take?*

A. Bullworker provides absolutely the fastest kind of exercise possible. In fact, an introduction training program takes only 70 seconds a day. No other system—weightlifting, pulleys, or strenuous calisthenics—can give you results so quickly and easily. On the contrary, many old-fashioned methods take hours of sweaty, boring work each day...and it's often months before you begin to see improvements. Busy professional athletes and champions don't have time for that. Nobody does.

Q. *How long does it take before you begin getting results?*

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter. After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before. There's no guesswork involved. Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone. And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength.

Jack Barclay, junior Mr. Europe shows the kind of results he achieved with Isometric Bullworker training.

Dave Prowse, 3-time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 7-second exercise for building powerful biceps... using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter.

Q. *What do those figures mean in visual terms?*

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to *see* muscle growth in a mirror and *verify* it with a tape measure. Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth.

Built-in Powermeter
You can actually measure your musclepower g-r-o-w-i-n-g from the very first day.

Q. *But to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?*

A. Absolutely not. That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training... it's so amazingly easy! Each "Static-power" Isometric exercise takes *only 7 seconds,* and you barely have to move. It's not even necessary to disrobe. The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere... even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc.

Q. *Can Bullworker training even develop bodies which are weak and skinny, or fat and flabby?*

A. Definitely! It's been proven by thousands of men of every shape, size and age all over the world. Bullworker training helps transform weak, thin arms into rippling, muscular pillars of strength, build broad, powerful shoulders, turn flat, shallow chests into deep, manly ones, forge loose stomach flab into steel-hard, well-defined muscle... build that "V" shape of a real athlete, develop sturdy, contoured thighs and calves.... And all this in *record time!*

What's more, I've known skinny, shy fellows who, after just a few short weeks with Bullworker, turned into real go-getters... every inch a man... bowling girls over with their dynamism, confidence, and new found power! You really have to see the remarkable effects of Bullworker for yourself to believe them!

Q. *How can our readers find out more about the Bullworker, perhaps actually try it for themselves?*

A. I understand that the Bullworker distributor in the USA is now making it available—free—on a two week home-trial basis in order to introduce it to the general public. If your readers are interested in developing their bodies, in building muscles and strength faster than ever before possible, I suggest that they contact the US distributor for full details.

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PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA

The past summer got off to a roaring start on the sports pages when a Florida newspaper reported that 28 players at Florida State University had quit the football team in protest of rigorous off-season drills. What with an 11-game schedule followed by a bowl appearance, plus more or less mandatory participation in winter conditioning programs, one of the departed players claimed, an FSU football player's body and soul belonged to coach Larry Jones and his "barbaric" staff. The worst facet of the winter program was painted in vivid detail: Two men with padded poles were forced to joust in a room ceilinged with a five-foot-high chicken-wire fence until one or the other dropped. There were other complaints from the 28 who had decided to quit football—one said a coach "kicked the hell out of me" when he was down—but in general they found football at FSU too rough. "Dehumanizing" was a word that kept coming up.

Following the dispute in the papers during the next weeks, I was carried back nearly 20 years to the time when Paul (Bear) Bryant checked in as head football coach at Texas A & M. Bryant had been fairly successful at Maryland and Kentucky, thanks to such superb athletes as Babe Parilli, but when he arrived at College Station, he saw his work cut out for him. What followed, in the first Bryant spring training at A & M, was the most vigorous survival-of-the-fittest this side of Parris Island. Players were isolated at a desolate site in the boondocks outside of town, so far out that if they decided to quit they had to hitchhike back to the campus. It was a bloodbath, and dozens quit. There were complaints about "brutality" and the like, of course, but Bryant scoffed at all of them and directed attention toward the "men" who had stuck it out.

When A & M opened the season that year, there were barely enough bodies left for an intra-squad scrimmage. But those who remained gave Bryant one of the quickest, meanest and most dedicated teams he has ever had. "We had an idea how the survivors of the Bataan Death March felt," recalls Gene Stallings, who later returned as head coach at A & M. When Bryant later moved on to rebuild the football program at Alabama, using the same tactics his first year there, he blithely capsulized his theory. "If a boy is going to quit on me," he said, "I want it to be in spring training, not on the goal line in the last game of the season."

Football coaches, like football players, come in all shapes and sizes. There is a sizeable number of drill-sergeant types, the most prominent these days being Frank Kush of Arizona State: The prodders, kickers and screamers whose teams participate daily in a grisly fight for survival. On the other hand there are those like Bobby Dodd, who produced a string of nifty teams at Georgia Tech during the '50s by seldom making body contact—Tech teams played volleyball and watched films during the week—until the whistle blew on Saturday. Numerous Tech players have attested over the years that football under Dodd was "fun," but I have heard the same from players who survived the Bryant regimen at A & M and at Alabama. What the two different types of coaches have in common—the successful ones, at least—is an ability to distinguish between those who fiercely *want* to play football and those who do not. They just go about the search in different ways.

Judging by the outrage expressed by sportswriters and fans after the FSU story broke, I developed the notion that the era of the "new" American athlete—the ones like Dave Meggyesy who question the "dehumanization" and lack of democracy in football—had quickly run its course. The outrage over the FSU incident was almost totally directed toward the players who had quit, rather than toward the coaches or the game of football. "Nobody," wrote Jesse Outlar of the Atlanta *Constitution*, "took a single one of those players and ordered them to play football. . . . If you don't enjoy wrestling under the chicken wire, don't accept the $5000 scholarship." If you can't stand the heat, as a non-football-playing President once suggested, then you'd better get out of the kitchen.

It seems to me that it is time we drop our silly illusions about big-time college football and accept it for what it is. Football as played at places like Alabama and FSU and Ohio State is a mean and highly competitive business. Now and then a little "character" gets built along the way, but basically the name of the game is win. *Of course*, super high-school stars are bought. *Of course*, spring training is pure hell. *Of course*, there is a bit of the sadist in the truly inspired players. *Of course*, few of them are intellectual giants. They are supposed to win—at great personal expense, but also for great earthly rewards—not lead the student body. "Student-athletes," indeed.

Stated simply, the basic aim in football is to knock the bejabbers out of the other guy. Baseball and basketball are fine lyrical ballets, but football is a holy war fought in the trenches. I should think a high-school football hero would be prepared for the consequences when he accepts a full four-year scholarship to sign on with, say, Bear Bryant or Woody Hayes, just as a kid should be duly warned before joining the Marines rather than the Air Force. If he is unwilling to be thrown into a pit with another behemoth every time he blows a blocking assignment in practice, to pay the price in the most gruelling sport there is, he shouldn't accept the challenge. Nobody can make him want to play football, but a lot of people can make him wish he hadn't.

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